THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Ourselves

PRESENTING as we do Mr. Brooks Henderson's paper on "The Country of Winston Churchill" in this issue, we deem it advisable to withhold the first article in the series "The New York of the Novelists—A New Pilgrimage" until our September issue. We have no hesitation in saying that we regard this series as extremely unusual. The available material has proved far richer than we thought when the articles were originally planned. There has come to light a vast amount of vitally interesting and hitherto unpublished anecdote. The author of the papers has had the heartiest coöperation in the work from novelists and publishers. This is the scheme of the series:

Part I. The City That Was.
Part II. The Cañons of the Money Grubbers.
Part III. The Remnants of Bohemia.
Part IV. Tea, Tango, and Toper Land.
Part V. The City Beyond.

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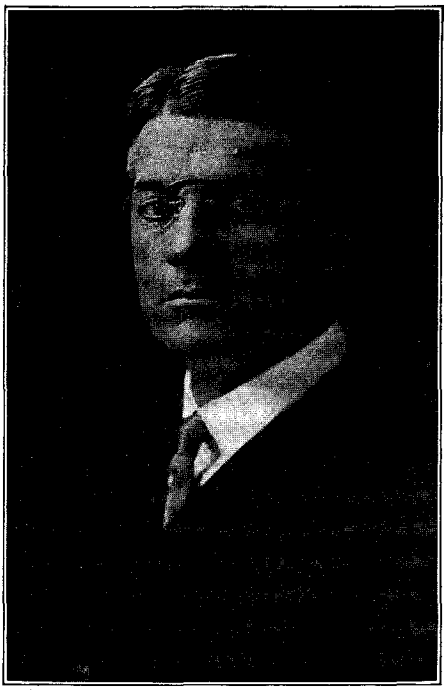
These divisions perhaps call for some further explanation. "The City That Was" will treat of the older generations of novelists and the literary trails of the Metropolis as they were when the author made his first pilgrimage some fifteen or sixteen years ago. With that paper the series leaves the achievements of yesterday, and concerns itself with the writing men and women of our own times. There is an O. Henry flavour about "The Cañons of the Money Grubbers," and there properly should



PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, OF YALE, WHO IS WRITING FOR "THE BOOKMAN" A SERIES OF TEN PAPERS ON "THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL." THE SERIES WILL BEGIN WITH OUR OCTOBER ISSUE

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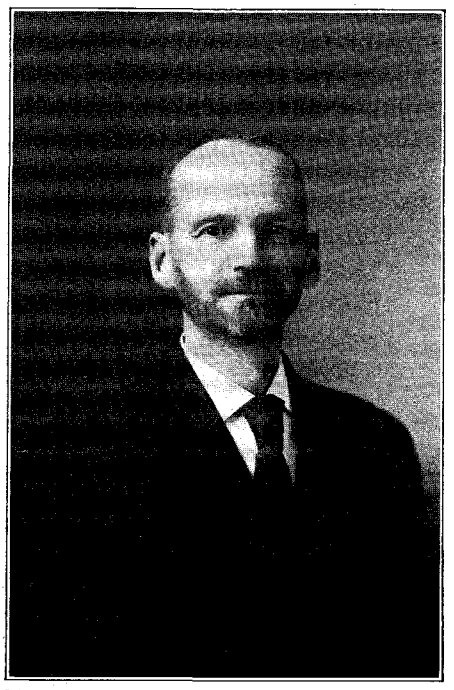

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, WHO IS TO CONTRIBUTE TO "THE BOOKMAN" A SERIES OF PSYCHOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN LITERARY MEN

be, for the author confesses that he borrowed the title from Sidney Porter's "Thimble, Thimble," just as frankly as Porter himself confessed that he borrowed the idea of that tale from Frank R. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*. But not merely Wall Street is included in Part II, but the waterfronts along the North and East Rivers, the Criminal Court section, the Broadway business district (redolent of Potash and Perlmutter), the Ghetto, and the mysterious lower East Side. Washington Square, Union Square, Madison Square (which was to O. Henry "the heart of New Arabia"), Greenwich Village, and adjacent territories are the subjects of "The Remnants of Bohemia;" while in "Tea, Tango and Toper Land" the reader is invited to journey a little farther northward, among the white lights of upper Broadway, and into the regions affected by the socially exclusive. Finally, out into the suburbs the trail leads in "The City Beyond."

No doubt many of our readers have enjoyed, in the pages of our admirable contemporary, *The Atlantic Monthly*, the psychological, or, as he prefers to call them, the psychographical portraits of the big figures in the Civil War, both on the Confederate and on the Union sides, that Mr. Gamaliel Bradford has been contributing during the past five years. Twenty of these portraits have already appeared. For THE BOOKMAN Mr. Bradford has undertaken to write nine articles on American authors, three to appear each year for three years. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will be the subject of Mr. Bradford's first BOOKMAN paper, to appear in our December issue, and Walt Whitman and Sidney Lanier will be treated in the February and April numbers respectively. It is Mr. Bradford's purpose in this work, which he will continue indefinitely, to cover the whole range of American history, with articles giving portraits not only of political, military, and literary characters, but also of personages in all lines of life—artists, teachers, business men, and social leaders. He hopes that his work will form a fairly representative dictionary of American biography with the idea that this gallery of portraits will prove a real contribution to American biography and American literature. His progress is necessarily slow as he gives to every subject quite as much study as would be required for writing an ordinary biography.

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Psychography, as Mr. Bradford interprets it, is merely a new name for a very old thing, the study of human souls and the art of portraying them. It differs from traditional biography, however, and is novel in this point, that it casts loose from all trammels of chronological procedure, that it is heedless of insignificant circumstance and mere external relations, and irrelevant gossip, and deals only with such facts, great or little, as have real bearing on a man's character and inner life. On the other hand, it differs from psychology in be-

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JULES BOIS, WHO WILL WRITE OF "FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR" IN THE SEPTEMBER "BOOKMAN"

ing an art, not a science. Psychology studies and formulates the mental processes of the genus man. Psychography is concerned with individuals and is, therefore, endless in variety and fascination. The nearest parallel to psychography, in older literature, is the formal "characters" drawn by great historians, Tacitus, Saint-Simon, Clarendon, and Gibbon. But these sketches, for all their brilliance and power, are apt to give a certain rhetorical effect, arising from the lack of support and confirmation for the various qualities so vividly grouped together. Psychography endeavours to meet this difficulty by illustrating every quality with striking and telling instances of speech or action.

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Neither Mr. Bradford nor Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University really needs an introduction to BOOKMAN readers. Professor Phelps's contributions to the magazine during the coming year will deal with "The Advance of the English Novel." At first sight, this may seem like a subject that has been discussed very frequently. As a matter of fact it has been done adequately very little, if at all, of late years. Professor Phelps's articles will be very different from the majority of works on the development of the novel: the majority always devoting most of the time and space to the early and long dead authors, and then hurrying over the recent and contemporary with a few meaningless generalities. His idea is to treat the early novelists as briefly as is consistent with anything like adequacy; and devote most of the space to recent developments—that is, within the last forty years or so. The words "English novel" mean "novel in English," as the papers will give conspicuous attention to American novelists. The first of these papers, of which there are to be ten in all, will be printed in the October number of THE BOOKMAN.

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As we have said Professor Phelps needs no introduction. But these biographical notes are presented as a kind of "memoir to serve." He was born January 2, 1865, at New Haven, Connecticut. His father and mother were both born in Connecticut and he is a lineal descendant of William Phelps, who settled in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1638. He was named after his great grandfather, Colonel William Lyon of the American Revolution. He was

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graduated from the Hartford High School and took his B.A. at Yale with special honours in English and in Philosophy in 1887. For one year he was an instructor in Westminster School, Dobbs Ferry, New York. He took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Yale in 1891, and the same year received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard. He was married to Miss Annabel Hubbard at Huron City, Michigan, in 1892. From 1891-92 he was instructor in English at Harvard. From 1892 to 1896 he was instructor in English literature at Yale; from 1896 to 1901 assistant professor of English literature; and in 1901 was appointed to the Lampson Professorship of English Literature. He is president of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra. He is vice-president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr. Phelps is a deacon in the Baptist Church, and in politics he is a strong Republican. He has given public lectures on literature in many States of the Union, and besides editing a long list of English classics, is the author of the following books: *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement,* Boston, 1893; *The Pure Gold of English Literature,* New York, 1907; *A Dash at the Pole,* Boston, 1909; *Essays on Modern Novelists,* New York, 1910; *Essays on Russian Novelists,* New York, 1911; *Teaching in School and College,* New York, 1912; *Essays on Books,* New York, 1914; *Browning,* Indianapolis, 1915.

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A paper of unusual interest and timeliness to appear in the September issue of THE BOOKMAN is "French Literature and the War" from the pen of Jules Bois. M. Bois has been in the United States for several months, has been lecturing before women's clubs in various parts of the country and has addressed the diplomatic corps in Washington. His principal subjects have been "Feminism" and the "Relations of France and America." He is Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a former vice-president of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Association of Literary Critics, the president of the Félibres Idealistic Society of Paris, and of the French Society of Psychical Research. M. Bois is also the representative in this country of *Les Annales, Le Gaulois, La Revue Hebdomadaine, and Le Journal.* Further announcement of our plans for the coming year will be made in the September issue.

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Post Cards and Letter

Here are two post cards which we have received from Robert W. Service whose *Songs of a Sourdough* and *Ballads of a Cheechako* won him the title of "the Kipling of the Klondike"; and who has been successfully invading the field of the novelist with *The Pretender.* The first reads "Am engaged with the Second French Army Corps at the front as a driver of a motor ambulance. We take the wounded right from the trenches—often under shell and rifle fire—sleep in our boots, eat army rations, and are paid one cent a day." The second reads, in part: "It's rather interesting here. Yesterday the 'boches' tried to 'discover' my car and the nearest shell fell twenty yards away. Another of the ambulance cars was smashed up, but fortunately, the driver was not in place."

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Then there is a letter from Frederick Palmer, the one official representative of the press of the United States with the British army. His letter is dated June 12th and begins with the words "I am off to the front again in the morning." Then, discussing a projected book, he suggests "With Kitchener's Armies" as a sub-title, saying that he does not want to leave out what he saw of the Frenchies, and particularly under the Germans in Belgium. "A lot of the material is in shape," he continues, "but if we are to make the title 'With K's Army' I think it advisable that the big effort of the new armies which must come in the summer for a decision on the Aisne line should also be included. . . . I hope to get down to the Darde-

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nelles as the one accredited American correspondent, in the official car, with the British Expeditionary Force. . . . Will the war be over in November? I still think the Germans may say then: 'You see where we are. Will you call it quits and go back to the *status quo ante* or do you prefer to dig us out in a siege that may last five years?' Everybody will be pretty weary when they think of another winter in the trenches. But, of course, all parties concerned say they will fight forever."

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Gene Stratton-Porter

The subject of the latest monograph in the series that Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company have been issuing—a series that already includes Rudyard Kipling, O. Henry, Frank Norris, Joseph Conrad, and Stewart Edward White—is Gene Stratton-Porter, a writer who, in the matter of popularity, at least, is unquestionably very near the apex among contemporary American authors. To realise the practical appreciation that her work with bird, flower, and moth, and the natural wonders of the Limberlost Swamp has received, it is necessary only to glance through the lists that have appeared at the end of THE BOOKMAN for the last seven or eight years. Her publishers estimate two million as the number of her readers, and tell us that there has been a constant stream of requests for information about Mrs. Stratton-Porter's life and books. But she did not possess what has been called "an aptitude for personal publicity." Indeed, up to the present, she has discouraged quite successfully any attempt to stress the personal note. But when at last she was persuaded to accede to the demands for information, the data for a biographical sketch was found so interesting in itself that the compiler to whom the task had been assigned found nothing to do beyond adding a little here and there.

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It is a very pretty picture that Mrs. Stratton-Porter presents of the Indiana life of her parents. Her father, Mark Stratton, described his wife, at the time of their marriage as a "ninety-pound bit of pink porcelain, pink as a wild rose, plump as a partridge, having a big rope of bright brown hair, never ill a day in

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her life, and bearing the loveliest name ever given a woman—Mary." He further added that "God fashioned her heart to be gracious, her body to be the mother of children, and as her especial gift of Grace, he put Flower Magic into her fingers." The story differs from most stories of authors' early lives. Mark Stratton used to say that he would rather see a child of his the author of a book of which he could be

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R. H. Meade

Secretary,
Joint Committee of War Office and Press Representatives.

War Office,
23 Feby 1915 1914

(Countersigned)

Place General Headquarters
Date 1st March 1915

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PHOTOGRAPH AND DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLDER OF THIS LICENCE.

Name Mr. Frederick Palmer

Nationality American.

Age 41

Height 5'-8 3/4"

Colour of hair Brown turning Grey.

Colour of eyes Grey.

General build and any distinctive marks Sturdy.
Clean shaven. Slight scar on upper lip — wears glasses.

Signature of Holder Frederick Palmer

FREDERICK PALMER'S PHOTOGRAPH AND DESCRIPTION

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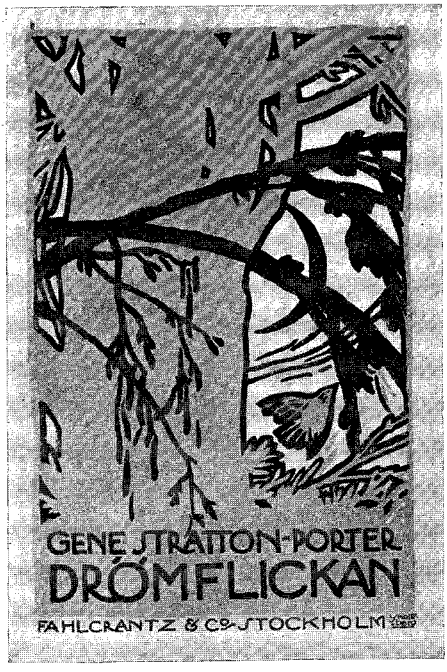

proud, than on the throne of England, which was the strongest way he knew to express himself. His very first earnings he spent for a book; when other men rested, he read; all his life he was a student of extraordinarily tenacious memory. He especially loved history: Rolland's, Wilson's *Outlines,* Hume, Macaulay, Gibbon, Prescott, and Bancroft, he could quote from all of them paragraphs at a time, contrasting the views of different writers on a given event, and remembering dates with unfailing accuracy. "He could repeat the entire Bible," says Mrs. Stratton-Porter, "giving chapters and verses, save the books of Generations, these he said 'were a waste of grey matter to learn.' I never knew him to fail telling where any verse quoted to him was to be found in the Bible." And she adds: "I was almost afraid to make these statements, although there are many living who can corroborate them, until John Muir published the story of his boyhood days, and in it I found the history of such rearing as was my father's, told of as the customary thing among the children of Muir's time; and I have referred many inquirers as to whether this feat were possible, to the Muir book."

As a child the author had very few books. The markets did not afford the miracles common with the children of to-day. For pictures she was driven to the Bible, dictionary, historical works, agricultural papers, and medical books about cattle and sheep. The one volume in which her heart was enrapt was a collection of masterpieces of fiction belonging to an older sister. It contained *Paul and Virginia, Undine, Picciola, The Vicar of Wakefield, The Pilgrim's Progress,* and several others she soon learned by heart, and the reading and re-reading of these exquisitely expressed and conceived stories may have done much in forming high conceptions of what really constitutes literature and in furthering the lofty ideals instilled by her parents. One of these stories forms the basis of her first publicly recognised literary effort. The earliest impulse to write came in her school days and expressed itself in a rhapsodic review of Santine's *Picciola,* which she

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offered as a substitute for the paper that she was to have written on "Mathematical Law." Then she composed a volume of crude verse, fashioned after the metre of Meredith's *Lucile,* a romantic book in rhyme, and two novels.

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The years passed. Marriage came and a daughter, and from her other labours Mrs. Porter managed to snatch time in which to study and write. Editors began to accept what she sent them with little if any changes. She began by sending photographic and natural history hints to *Recreation,* and with the first instalment was asked to take charge of a department and furnish material each month, for which she was to be

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

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paid at current prices in high grade photographic material. Some idea can be formed of the work she did under this arrangement from the fact that she had over one thousand dollars' worth of equipment at the end of the first year. The second year she increased this by five hundred, and then accepted a place on the natural history staff of *Outlook,* working closely with Mr. Caspar Whitney. After a year of this helpful experience Mrs. Porter began to turn her attention to what she called "nature studies sugar-coated with fiction." Mixing some childhood facts with a large degree of grown-up fiction, she wrote a little story entitled *Laddie, The Princess, and The Pie.*

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Almost furtively, one May day, Mrs. Porter sent that little story forth to try its fortune. If failure was in store she did not want it to be before her husband and daughter. All summer she waited for a reply. She had heard that it did take a long time for an editor to read and pass on matter sent him, but her waiting did seem out of all reason.

Then one day in September I went into our store on an errand and the manager said to me: "I read your story in the *Metropolitan* last night. It was great! Did you ever write any fiction before?"

My head whirled, but I had learned to keep my own counsels, so I said as lightly as I could, while my heart beat until I feared he could hear it: "No. Just a simple little thing! Have you any spare copies? My sister might want one."

He supplied me, so I hurried home, and shutting myself in the library, I sat down to look my first attempt at fiction in the face. I quite agreed with the manager that it was "great." Then I wrote Mr. Maxwell a note telling him that I had seen my story in his magazine, and saying that I was glad he liked it enough to use it. I had not known a letter could reach New York and bring a reply so quickly as his answer came. It was a letter that warmed the deep of my heart. Mr. Maxwell wrote that he liked my story very much, but the office boy had lost or destroyed my address with the wrappings, so after waiting a reasonable length of time to hear from me, he had illustrated it the best he could, and printed it. He wrote that so many people had spoken to him of a new, fresh note in it, that he wished me to consider doing him another in a similar vein for a Christmas leader and he enclosed my very first cheque for fiction.

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So Mrs. Porter wrote "How Laddie and the Princess Spelled Down at the Christmas Bee," and, encouraged by its success, wrote and illustrated a story of ten thousand words which she sent to the *Century.* Richard Watson Gilder advised her to enlarge it to book size, which she did. This book was *The Cardinal.* Following Mr. Gilder's advice, she recast the tale, and, starting with the mangled body of a Cardinal some marksman had left in the road she was travelling, in a fervour of love for the birds and indignation at the hunter, she told the Cardinal's life history in these pages. Incidentally neither the author's husband nor daughter had the slightest idea she was attempting to write a book until work had progressed to that stage where she could not make a legal contract without her husband's signature. Two years were required to secure the bird studies necessary to illustrate *The Cardinal,* and one little tailpiece almost cost the author her life.

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The Cardinal was published in June of 1903. In October, 1904, *Freckles* appeared. In the course of her work Mrs. Porter had spent every other day for three months in the Limberlost Swamp, making a series of studies of the nest of a black vulture. Early in her married life she had met a Scotch lumberman, who told her of the swamp and of securing fine timber there for Canadian shipbuilders, and later when she had moved to within less than a mile of its northern boundary, she met a man who was buying curly maple, black walnut, golden oak, wild cherry, and other wood extremely valuable for a big furniture factory in Grand Rapids. There was

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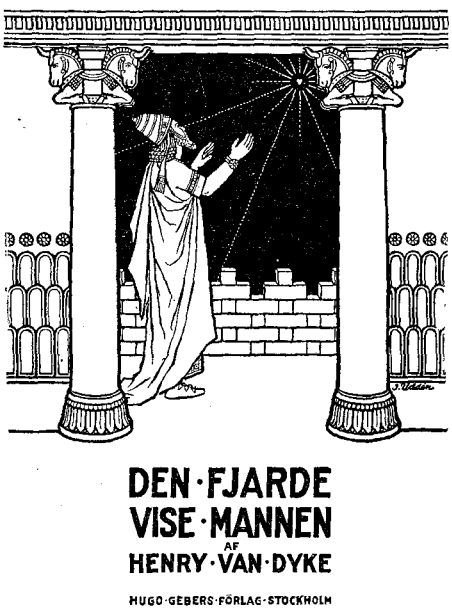
one particular woman, of all those the author worked among, who exercised herself most concerning her. It was this woman's husband who drove the stake and ploughed around the killdeer nest in the cornfield to save it for the author; and he did many other acts of kindness without understanding exactly what he was doing or why. "Merely that I wanted certain things was enough for those people," writes Mrs. Porter. "Without question they helped me in



COVER OF HENRY VAN DYKE'S "THE OTHER WISE MEN" IN THE SWEDISH EDITION

every way their big hearts could suggest to them, because they loved to be kind, and to be generous was natural with them. The woman was busy keeping house and mothering a big brood, and every living creature that came her way, besides. She took me in, and I put her soul, body, red head, and all, into Sarah Duncan. The lumber and furniture man I combined in McLean. Freckles was a composite of certain ideals and my own field experiences, merged with those of Mr. Bob Burdette Black, who, at the expense of much time and careful work, had done more for me than any other ten men afield. The Angel was an idealised picture of my daughter."

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In 1906, having seen a few of Mrs. Porter's studies of bird life, Mr. Edward Bok telegraphed the author asking her to meet him in Chicago. She had a big portfolio of fine prints from plates for which she had gone to the last extremity of painstaking care, and the result was an order from Mr. Bok for a six months' series in the *Ladies Home Journal* of the author's best bird studies accompanied by descriptions of how she secured them. This material was later put in book form under the title, *What I Have Done with Birds,* and is regarded as authoritative on the subject of bird photography and bird life, for in truth it covers every phase of the life of the birds described, and contains much of other nature subjects. By this time Mrs. Porter had made a contract with her publishers to alternate her books. She agreed to do a nature book for love, and then, by way of compromise, a piece of nature work spiced with enough fiction to tempt her class of readers. In this way she hoped that they would absorb enough of the nature work while reading the fiction to send them afield, and at the same time keep in their minds her picture of what she considers the only life worth living. She was still assured that only a straight novel would "pay," but she was living, meeting all her expenses, giving her family many luxuries, and saving a little sum for a rainy day she foresaw on her horoscope. To be comfortably clothed and fed, to have time and tools for her work, is all she ever has asked of life.

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In August of 1909 two books on which Mrs. Porter had been working for years culminated at the same time: a nature novel, and a straight nature book. The novel was, in a way, a continuation of *Freckles,* filled as usual with wood lore, but more concerned with moths than birds. Mrs. Porter

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had been finding and picturing exquisite big night flyers during several years of field work among the birds, and from what she could have readily done with them she saw how it would be possible for a girl rightly constituted and environed to make a living, and a good one, at such work. So was conceived *A Girl of the Limberlost*. "This comes fairly close to my idea of a good book," she writes. "No possible harm can be done any one in reading it. The book can, and does, present a hundred pictures that will draw any reader in closer touch with nature and the Almighty, my primal object in each line I write. The human side of the book is as close a character study as I am capable of making. I regard the character of Mrs. Comstock as the best thought-out and the cleanest-cut study of human nature I have so far been able to do. Perhaps the best justification of my idea of this book came to me recently when I received an application from the President for permission to translate it into Arabic, as the first book to be used in an effort to introduce our methods of nature study into the College of Cairo."

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In 1911 two more books for which Mrs. Porter had gathered material for long periods came to a conclusion on the same date: *Music of the Wild* and *The Harvester*. The latter of these was a nature novel; the other a frank nature book, filled with all out-doors—a special study of the sounds one hears in fields and forests, and photographic reproductions of the musicians and their instruments. The idea of *The Harvester* was suggested to the author by an editor who wanted a magazine article, with human interest in it, about the ginseng diggers in her part of the country. Mr. Porter had bought ginseng for years for a drug store he owned; there were several people he knew still gathering it for market, and growing it was becoming a good business all over the country. Mrs. Porter learned from the United States Pharmacopœia and from various other sources that the drug was used mostly by the Chinese, and with a wholly mistaken idea of its properties. The strongest thing any medical work will say for ginseng is that it is *"a very mild and soothing drug."* It seems that the Chinese buy and use it in enormous quantities, in the belief that it is a remedy for almost every disease to which humanity is heir; that it will prolong life, and that it is a wonderful stimulant. Ancient medical works make this statement, laying special emphasis upon its stimulating qualities. The drug does none of these things. Instead of being a stimulant, it comes closer to a sedative. This investigation set the author on the search for other herbs that now are or might be grown as an occupation. Then came the idea of a man who should grow these drugs professionally, and of the sick girl healed by them. "I could have gone to work and started a drug farm myself," remarks Mrs. Porter, "with exactly the same profit and success as the Harvester."

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Kultur Cartoons

In a foreword to Will Dyson's *Kultur Cartoons*, of which two are here reproduced, Mr. H. G. Wells writes in high appreciation of the artist and his work. "Mr. Dyson," writes Mr. Wells, "perceives in militaristic monarchy and national pride a threat to the world, to civilisation and all that he holds dear, and straightway he sets about to slay it with his pencil as I, if I could, would kill it with my pen. In *Kultur Cartoons* Mr. Dyson takes a figure based on the Kaiser, but essentially a symbol, on which to concentrate his hatred of the foolish assumptions, the cruel vanities, the vile waste of opportunity, the perversion and destruction, which is his case against militant monarchy. I could wish he were given the task of the Kaiser's court painter, for indeed he would make a record that would kill regal ambition to the very end of time. And supporting the Dysonised Kaiser is a German figure of fat foolishness. You may argue that it libels the dignity and intelligence of

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the loyal and able staff at Berlin and the nature of German loyalty, but Mr. Dyson will never believe you. He has penetrated deeper. The folly and the dulness of spirit must be there; loyalty to evil things is the revelation of a kindred evil. 'What business had you Germans with loyalty and obedience?' he would say. 'Your business under this stuff was revolution.' And as the work of this clumsy devil to whom Europe has given herself over, look at his caricature of apes in an æroplane dropping bombs, or of Kultur being told to fetch the warrior's boots. Was there ever a completer and juster repudiation of the belligerent theory of life?"

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Romance

Few of us take very seriously books like *What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince* of last or Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves's *The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns* of this week, or the book in similar vein that is due next week or the week after at the latest.

DESPATCHES FROM BELGIUM—THE GENERAL (DICTATING TO BERLIN): "TWO-THIRDS OF OUR TASK OF TERRORISING THE MEN, THE WOMEN, AND THE CHILDREN OF BELGIUM IS ALREADY COMPLETED—IT REMAINS ONLY TO INCLUDE THE MEN"

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But most of us, if quite honest, will confess to finding them a source of very genuine entertainment. We regard these books as romantic fiction, of a kind which cannot be too highly spiced: as the historical novels of the present, in which the action cannot be too swift, or the intrigue too aristocratic. The purveyors of this form of reading matter should, and usually do, follow the example of the author of *Walter Lorraine,* and promote all the corporals to be majors, all the line officers to the General Staff, all the commoners to be counts, or barons, all the little nobility to be serene highnesses; while if some mysterious figure with long cloak and covered face stalks across the scene, of course it must be Imperial Majesty itself. Take the attitude of posterity toward the great enigmas of history. Learned and unimaginative investigators like M. Funck-Brentano have satisfied themselves that the Man in the Iron Mask was a certain comparatively obscure Italian diplomat. But as it does not matter much now, it is romantically so much pleasanter to think of him as the

NEW WORLD—THE MODERN YOUNG ALEXANDER PREMATURELY SIGHS FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

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suppressed twin brother of Louis XIV, and the progenitor of Napoleon Bonaparte.

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Of course, and perhaps unfortunately, these historical novelists of the present are somewhat limited in their invention. A century or so hence it will be quite possible to picture "Lui" as being kidnapped in the midst of his *entourage* in Potsdam, packed in a box with breathing holes, after the manner in which D'Artagnan handled General Monk, and freighted to the Mercedes Paris agency in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, in an upper room of which ensued the famous interview with M. Delcassé. But even now fiction purporting to be fact does not hesitate to take the German Kaiser to *la ville lumière,* to enjoy himself or to intrigue, while a false Emperor rides in state down the Linden, just as Rudolf Rassendyl held the throne in Strelsaus while the real king was Black Michael's prisoner, chained to a wall in a dungeon in the Castle of Zenda. In *What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince* there was introduced a photograph showing Wilhelm under the Arch of Triumph. In Dr. Graves's book the note struck is infinitely more dramatic. In full view the pretended Kaiser starts on a hunting trip. At the same time three men enter a compartment in the Berlin-Paris Express. Arrived in Paris they leisurely descend from their coupé and, mingling with the throng of incoming and outgoing passengers, are met by a stranger who conducts them to the hostelry of the Golden Heart in the Rue de la Paix. There, in a locked room, the following takes place:

> Wedell stepped forward saying, "Count Hoheneck, permit me to present Monsieur Joseph Caillaux."
>
> The Frenchman, who was soon after to become Prime Minister of France, stepped forward and making a deep obeisance, said, ". . . Your Majesty——"
>
> "My dear Caillaux, I prefer to be known as the Count of Hoheneck," replied the personage sitting on the sofa. "Come and sit here beside me. Count, you get yourself a chair."
>
> In this dingy back parlour William II, Joseph Caillaux and Count Botho von Wedell were closeted for more than two hours. At the end of this time Caillaux quietly left the hotel by a side entrance.
>
> That evening the Count of Hoheneck, contrary to the succinct advice of Count Wedell and the fervid pleading of M. Caillaux, insisted on seeing something of Paris by night. In the Bal Tabarain, one of the places visited, the Count Hoheneck, notwithstanding his very excellent disguise—the Kaiser's hair was dyed and his moustache waxed in the French fashion down to a point—was recognised by a staff reporter of *The Figaro,* who promptly traced the Emperor to his place of residence and through clever investigation found out that M. Caillaux had also been seen leaving this particular hotel. The accidental recognition of the Emperor by this reporter resulted in the death of M. Calmette a few years later, an incident that will go down in annals as one of the most interesting crimes—from the point of world politics—ever committed.

• • •

As in professed fiction, in these books the old adage of *cherchez la femme* holds good. In Dumas's novel it was the sinister Milady de Winter who was responsible for the seduction of Felton and the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham. To a woman's light word Dr. Graves ascribes the war of 1870, and in a woman scorned he professes to see one of the reasons for Great Britain's participation in the present world conflict. The first woman was the Empress Eugénie, who was sent by Napoleon III to attend, as his representative, the ceremonies that accompanied the opening of the Suez Canal, and in Egypt started a flirtation with the Crown Prince of Prussia, later the Emperor Frederick III. On returning to Prussia, the Crown Prince found ways of getting to Paris many times, of course always travelling *incognito.* On one of these occasions Eugénie, who had grown tired

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of his attentions, gave him the cold shoulder.

It was at one of those magnificent semi-private balls at the Tuileries that she refused to dance with the Crown Prince, who for the time being was known as the Comte de Bourg. Somewhat astounded at the sudden change in attitude, the Crown Prince insisted that she dance. She replied over her shoulder, "Who is the Comte de Bourg that he thinks he can compel the Empress of the French?"

"Comte de Bourg to-night cannot compel anybody," the Prince replied in a passion, "but Frederick of Prussia can and will."

"Alone, monsieur?" came the taunting query.

"No, madame; if need be, at the head of a million men."

• • •

The English lady in the case made out by Dr. Graves was the Honourable Mrs. Keppel, the time Cowes Week, 1904, and the place Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, where the Emperor and King Edward were guests. Wilhelm was bragging over the victory of his yacht *Meteor*. Mrs. Keppel incurred the Kaiser's displeasure by her witticisms. "Huh, madame," he said, "by all accounts you ought to know more of sailors than sails!"

Mortified to tears, the lady rose and with characteristic English dignity withdrew. King Edward, who was talking to Sir Thomas on another part of the deck, had noticed that something displeasing had occurred. On being told the circumstances, he called his nephew into the chart house and evidently gave him an avuncular piece of his mind. At all events, the Kaiser next morning left in a huff. At the time there was much speculation as to the misunderstanding between the two royal houses. This incident, however, is the real cause for the widened breach between King Edward and Wilhelm II. The Hon. Mrs. Keppel and her clique had a great deal of influence with King Edward and his court. She became the implacable enemy of the Kaiser's. The result of this animosity is felt to this day, for Earl Grey, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs in England, was one of her protégés and in every way he shared her intense hatred of all things German.

• • •

Phillips's Posthumous Novel

Unusual interest attaches to the long-deferred serial publication of David Graham Phillips's massive novel, *Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise*. In fact the delay in launching this story has led to a considerable discussion of the reasons. As a matter of fact, *Susan Lennox* was contracted for as a serial immediately after the tragic and lamented death of the author in 1911. It was the high-tide of the so-called "white slave" tendency both in sociology and literature. The editors expected to capitalise this tendency in a sensational way. Yet Phillips, with that almost uncanny foresight of his, had anticipated the whole sex movement ten years before when he planned and began the novel. He was always ahead of his times.

• • •

The "white slave" emotion subsided; public interest turned to something else and the editors who contracted for *Susan* deferred the publication from time to time. They feared that its frankness might be misunderstood. But the story is now in its third installment and is causing much talk. Instead of being shocked readers seem to be drawn to this characterisation of a woman whose integrity rose supreme over her sometime sordid environment. *Susan Lennox* is a novel of more than three hundred thousand words, a work of truly Balzacian proportions. It revives the good old tradition of the two-volume story. Phillips worked on this novel for ten years. During this time he produced not less than eight other novels and various short stories. Yet he never lost sight of *Susan*, to which he had dedicated the very best that was in him. To him it was the "great work." No matter what he happened to be writing, he would put it aside and take up *Susan* for a stretch. The story was always calling to him.

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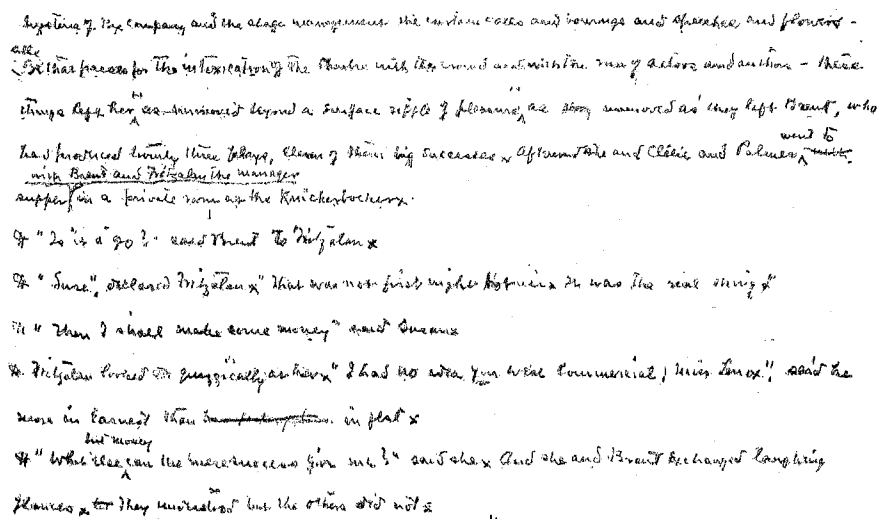

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "SUSAN LENNOX"

The facsimile of the manuscript herewith reproduced—a page from one of the closing chapters—shows the small chirography of the novelist. He invariably wrote with a lead pencil on rough yellow paper. This first draft was copied on the typewriter with wide spacing and was then revised and again and again. Phillips was one of the most painstaking of workers and many of the chapters in *Susan* were written and rewritten a score of times. The impression that Phillips got the idea for *Susan* when he was a reporter on the New York *Sun* is wrong. The inspiration for the story came to him some years ago in his native town of Madison, Indiana. There he saw a beautiful young girl sitting disconsolate on a farm wagon alongside the country lout that she had been forced to marry. She was a picture of wistful and tragic loveliness and it haunted him ever afterwards. This girl was the original of "Susan." Phillips always said that she was the finest character he had ever painted. She was his favourite heroine. In painting the parable of the woman of the streets he had a prototype in the most widely read of all books.

• • •

The Nation

We congratulate *The Nation* on its fine Semi-Centennial Number of July 8th, and on the fifty years of dignified service which that issue commemorates. Special contributions to the number are from W. C. Brownell, who writes of "*The Nation* from the Inside"; Lord Bryce, who tells of his recollections of E. L. Godkin and W. P. Garrison; Henry James, "The Founding of *The Nation*"; Henry Holt, who recalls his relations with *The Nation* in its early days and his friendship with E. L. Godkin; Charles C. Nott, "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian"; Basil L. Gildersleeve, "The Hazards of Reviewing"; A. V. Dicey, "An English Scholar's Appreciation of Godkin"; Oswald Garrison Villard, "*The Nation* and its Ownership"; Arthur G. Sedgwick, "*The Nation's* Critics"; Gustav Pollak, "*The Nation* and its Contributors"; George Haven Putnam, "Fifty Years of Books"; William Roscoe Thayer, "Historical Writing," and Edwin Lawrence Godkin, "Former Editors of *The Nation*."

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THE CABARET DANCER

BY ARLITA DODGE

THE GILT CAFÉ

PAST midnight, ere to tardy dreams
The sea of diners ebbs away,
Turn of the human tide that streams
Each evening to the Gilt Café.
Deep-drained, the hollow wine-cup seems
To mirage some ill-ending play;
Through rings of smoke the white slab gleams
Where once a crouching Venus lay.
A jester makes his last appeal;
A noisy coin clicks on the bar;
There crushes heavily a heel
Upon a smouldering cigar.
A silken swish upon the sill,
A languid kiss on the lifeless air,
And the empty cabaret is still
Save for a lonely dancer there.

THE DANCER

Buried beneath a great dark palm,
Wan as the last grey gleam of day,
Brooded the dancer; on her arm
Her face like some cold frostflower lay.
Her bodice scarcely seemed to stir
Above her wintry breasts of snow;
So cold Diana's draperies were,
Fashioned by Phidias long ago.
It seemed the marble slab, that still
Stood tenantless, must yearn to call
And lure her to arise and fill
Its long deserted pedestal.
So Anguish chills. Weighted, her heart
Seemed scarce to beat; her eyes beheld
Only the vanished joy her art
By its own power had dispelled.
Without, the voices throbbed or failed,
Or broke in song; no echo came
To where the spent, white dancer quailed
And dwelt upon her lover's shame.

His lips had framed last night the word
His eyes had asked her long ago,
When only quivering pulses stirred
To answer that it might be so.
To-night she came to lay before
His feet her sheaf of wisdom, grown

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Through eager years, her hard-won lore,
To crown his great love with her own.
All the dark days had held of pain
Should lift her up, she dreamed, more fair,
As tender birches bent with rain
Rise into stainless upper air.
For her to-night the House of Mirth
Became a sacred trysting-place,
A bit of consecrated earth
Where love might meet them face to face;
Where eloquence of feet and form
Might spell what dumb lips might not say,
Impetuous as the sun-shot storm
Interpreting the April day.

She raised her speaking face to his,
Beatified, as she began,
Her Vision of the Vista'd Years,
Her Epic of the Race of Man.
She moved a tender, flowery form
Of wondrous contours, in her eyes
The light of love, and on her brow
A peace like Dawn in Paradise.
Like spindrift borne before the gale,
By passion carried to her goal,
She told on winged feet the tale
Of all that Love had taught her soul.
When half her steps were threaded through
She sought, in vain, her lover's glance;
It failed her, and a voice she knew
Cried, "Let us go—she cannot dance."
Her lover went, and like a spring
That fails because its fount is dry,
The great dance lost its rhythmic swing,
The lovely rhythm seemed to die.
A helpless marionette, she lagged
On leaden feet, she raised a hand
To stay the players, her powers flagged—
She could not make them understand.

Ending, she shrank from sight of men
As little hunted creatures cower
Deep into covert; no human ken
Might know the anguish of that hour.
In solitude she sought in vain
Some balm upon her wounds to pour;
Hidden by palms, she probed her pain
Deep and unpitying to its core.
Love, that can only stir the heart
To swifter beat of blood in some,
Had hallowed her to speak through Art
And found her lover's spirit—dumb.

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He loved a shoulder's gleam, the glance
Of her swift limbs, her droop and swing,
And yet he could not love the dance
That was her spirit's offering.

So might one love the lips that part
To pour rare notes of music forth,
Yet scorn the singer's lyric art
That deep within her gave them birth.
Since it was so, since Passion bore
A torch to light her to Defeat,
The airs she loved should know no more
The transport of her dancing feet.
Never again might flowers fall
From eager, open palms like rain,
Nor hoarse, contralto voices call,
Begging of her to dance again.

But when her Agony had reigned
The watches of the midnight through,
The sudden solitude regained
Some spell to stir her soul anew.
A last guest left ajar the door
Whose tawdry, well-worn threshold Sin
Had hurried after Beauty o'er,
And Silence, stately, entered in.
Benignantly, the Presence fell
Her tortured being o'er,
Some holy healing in its spell;
The deft feet yearned to dance once more.
No breath of praise should urge her on,
Nor any living thing applaud,
The epic man had dared to scorn
She dedicated to her God.

THE DANCE

Leaving her covert in the gloom,
She lifts her unshod foot, and lo—
There capers down the empty room
A figure out of long ago.
Tossing on high a scarlet sash,
She is the Ages' earliest heir;
The full lips part and the dark eyes flash
Like diamonds in a harlot's hair.
For a race that neither sows nor reaps,
In the joyless glee of a heart unwrung,
She moves at first in bounds and leaps,
As satyrs danced when the world was young.

Her gladness fails; a laboured pose
With a conscious swaying to and fro
And the burdened look of one who knows

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Tell of a sudden weight of woe.
'Tis a dance of law, a measured tread
To a muffled drum that is drawing near,
As marching millions bear their dead
To homes of grief from fields of fear.
A pause for breath. In the hush of night
A watchman bids her to begone,
And passes, flicking out the light,
But the dancer, spellbound, dances on.

She has conquered now. Her lids scarce part;
Her siren smile is worn to please;
She almost crawls in the finished art
Of glissade steps of sinuous ease.
She is the languorous, floating form
Of a bird that drifts on a dreamy wing;
She is the sensuous sway of the swarm
When love-drunk bees in the ether swing.
She is the pawn the gods employ
To checkmate conquering kings by guile;
She is the Fate of Falling Troy,
The dark enchantress of the Nile.
As round a ship becalmed will droop
Sails that the winds refuse to fill,
Till seagulls to her, wondering, troop
To see the big, white ship so still,
Her draperies shroud her—some strange spell
Seems to possess her outstretched arm;
A languid gesture, and it fell—
An empire perished in her palm.

So Rome lies low, a splendour spent,
And when she stirs to dance once more,
The dancer's footsteps seem intent
Upon some art unknown before.
She seeks with evil things to cope,
Fell figures menacing the room,
Elusive and bereft of hope,
Through unlit centuries of gloom.

They vanish with their dread convoy
Of grief and fear; fair shapes arise;
She looks into a world of joy
And wonder dawns in her sweet eyes.
Her smiles go tripping in and out
Through lids half shut and lashes curled;
She stands on tiptoe stretching out
White hands of welcome to the world.
One circle of her lithe form shows
Discovery's haltless caravan
Trailing across the unplumbed snows
The inquiescent soul of man.

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A gesture of her arm reveals
The sway of Science; Thought is King,
And Force a vanquished vassal kneels
Beneath the sceptre, grovelling.
She weaves wide circles round the room,
She halts, she waves her arms on high,
She dips into the sea of gloom
Like seagulls when they learn to fly.
Her glad abandonment outruns
Her utmost power to portray;
So danced the loveliest of the Huns
When Rome in ruins round her lay.
And then, at pause, her dark eye broods
On shadows threatening the sun;
She weighs in troubled attitudes
The sands of sorrow yet unrun;
The discord shrieking through the song
Of birds that carol to their mates;
The ugly faces in the throng
Of human Greeds and Grafts and Hates.
The wreckage, as the nations strive
In homicidal woes,
The turmoil in the warring hive
Where poison out of nectar flows.
And as the tragic vision ends
That darkens over history's ken,
Her knee in supplication bends,
Her hand, uplifted, prays for men.

Meanwhile, belated moonshine pours
In weird, nocturnal play,
Athwart the dun, deserted floors,
The flood of its uncertain day.
Where Venus once voluptuous smiled
In dim, Olympian repose,
In drifts of pallid glory piled
The cool white wonder shifts and flows.
The dancer stirs—the moonlit zone,
Diaphanous and elfin fair,
Entices her; the empty throne
Calls to the suppliant prone in prayer.
She mounts up to the beckoning place,
And, like a bird before it flies,
Pauses within the moonlit space,
A revelation in her eyes.

The golden songbook of the spheres
Holds no such haunting melody
As, listening, the dancer hears
Of perfect æons yet to be.
She sees the palimpsest unroll
Where past and present fade from sight,

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And there illuminates the scroll
The tale a race unborn shall write.
She dances, and the light waves swirl
In ambient splendour round her form;
Uplifted in the gloom the girl
Gleams like a rainbow in a storm.
Out of her hands of healing pour
Phials of joy; the pure drops spill
O'er Age, whose heart shall ache no more,
And Pain, whose pang grows still.
A startled wolf, whose dark pack cowers
Out of the campfire's searching light
The traveller kindles in those hours
When sleep might portend endless night;
So in her revelation, War,
Obedient to the same behest,
Creeps back, and crouches down before
A great lamp lighted in the West.
With one swift gesture to unbind
The trammelings of Circumstance,
And one to free a prisoned mind,
She swings in a triumphant dance.
Her undulating draperies sway
Dripping with light, about her form,
Her lovely, lambent feet are gay
As raindrops dancing in a storm.
A radiant mermaid held in thrall,
Haunting the wave whose crest she shuns,
Within her moonshine waterfall
She revels and she runs.
A windflower wavering on and on,
She swims, she floats, she almost flies;
So odours drift into the dawn;
So houris dance in paradise.

She sways at last; her dance is o'er;
Even of her, Life takes its toll;
Her feet shall spend themselves no more
In swift obedience to her soul.
One final step, one figure more,
One last incomparable pose:
Death comes, and through Life's open door
She triumphs in it as she goes.
Queenly upon her bier of stone,
Whose moonlit majesty outvies
The jewelled beauty of a throne,
The dead white dancer lies.

When daylight comes, they find her so,
Part of some painter's perfect scheme,
A lovely crystal of the snow,
A frozen joy, a poet's dream.

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They ask how came she lying there,
  Had even she some grief, perchance,
This phantom parasite of air,
  This wind-born daughter of the dance?
An hour they ask, an hour they stand
  And question Silence; all too soon
The candles sputter: tapers fanned
  By winds of morning fail at noon.

They name her now but to recall
  How swift the wonder waned away;
'Twas but a dance girl, after all,
  Found dead within a Gilt Café.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S COUNTRY

BY BROOKS HENDERSON

The faint throbbing of her engines as she glided out on the North River tide found its echo within me as I leaned on the heavy rail and watched the towers of the city receding in the mist; they became blurred and ghostlike, fantastic in the grey distance, sad, appealing with a strange beauty and power. Once the sight of them, sunlit, standing forth sharply against the high blue of American skies, had stirred in me that passion for wealth and power of which they were so marvellously and uniquely the embodiment.

So writes his Hugh Paret toward the close of Mr. Churchill's latest and in some respects his greatest novel, *A Far Country*. A little earlier Hugh had wondered and marvelled on the Montecito Hills above Santa Barbara (scene of Mr. Churchill's own wanderings two summers ago) watching the slow enchantment of morning mist, or the phantasy of sunset colour on the strange, unreal, clefted, violet-shadowed hills that lift "crags of pink tourmaline and ruby against the skies." And so, in a little space of time, Hugh Paret touches the eastern and western limits of Mr. Churchill's country: Between Santa Barbara and Manhattan towers, there it lies; for it is the whole of the United States. *Coniston* with its New Hampshire hills and *The Crossing* with New Orleans supply the upper and lower limits.

He has made it his because of his intense and critical interest in the varied civilisation that has grown up on it,—a civilisation represented in its various stages by the characters he has drawn, Colonial, transitional, Civil War, reconstruction, modern. First came the Carvels, Lionel and Richard, and all the gay, glad, boisterous, elegant Colonial period of Maryland which throbs alive in their story. And with them comes their comfortable country; for the Gay men who travelled Westward after Naseby and Marston Moor, as it is written in another book, *The Crisis*, found a smiling climate. Later, in *Coniston*, came the Wetherells and the Worthingtons and Jethro Bass, later representatives of the Stern men who had settled New England. And with them come the stern climate they found and the grave beauty of their hills. The two streams flow together, the Grave men from the North and the Gay men from the South; and Mr. Churchill has shown their commingling in St. Louis in *The Crisis*. He began at this confluence of the streams, this meeting-place of the Gay and the Grave; for he

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was born in St. Louis in 1871. But before describing the confluence, he went up one of the streams, tracing it to its head waters; he went, as a midshipman, to Annapolis in 1890. *Richard Carvel,* perhaps the most finished historical novel since Thackeray's *Henry Esmond,* was the literary result.

The situation of Annapolis is beautiful, overlooking Severn River, the broadening Chesapeake Bay and the low hills of the further shore. The town retained when Mr. Churchill was at the Naval Academy, it still retains, much of the charm and something of the impressiveness that grew and belonged to it as the pleasure capital of Maryland, the most completely pleasure-loving capital of Colonial days. A breath of the old time still blows among the great trees which throw their shade on narrow, brick-walled, cobble-stoned streets; and along the streets themselves, stirred by the very sound of the old names, "Prince George Street," "Duke of Gloucester Street," "Marlborough Street"—to name a few from *Richard Carvel.* The old time was even more evident twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Churchill went down to the Naval Academy, than it is now; and the coming author seems to have breathed in the aroma of it at every breath. He stayed while taking his examinations at the old Kennedy boarding-house (now "Carvel Hall" in honour of the book), *the* hostelry of Annapolis at the time And here, recreating it as the Marmaduke Manners house, he later placed that bewildering and fascinating person, Mistress Dorothy Manners of *Richard Carvel* who kept Richard's existence in thrilled uncertainty from youth to manhood, and turned many a wise or empty head of King George III's court as well. In the old days beautiful gardens stretched in the rear, where the hotel extension now stands, with terraces and a spring house, all surrounded with a high brick wall. Before the Naval Academy modern buildings were erected the old library, now removed, was the Governor DuLaney mansion, the grounds and gardens of which spread down to the Severn. Here, too, Dolly Manners triumphs, and turns more heads at Assemblies; and to these gardens come Richard Carvel and Captain Clapsaddle to discuss the momentous question of impending political change.

> The captain cleared his throat, and seemed to seek for words. "I fear there are times coming, my lad," he went on presently, "when every man must choose his side, and stand arrayed in his own colours. It is not for me to shape your way of thinking. Decide in your own mind that which is right, and when you have so decided,"—he drew his sword, as was his habit when greatly moved, and placed his broad hand upon my head,—"know then that God is with you, and swerve not from thy course the width of this blade for any man."
>
> We sat upon a little bench in the Governor's garden, in front of us the wide Severn merging into the bay, and glowing like molten gold in the setting sun. And I was thrilled with a strange reverence such as I have sometimes since felt in the presence of heroes.

For the town house of Lionel Carvel, Mr. Churchill had in mind the Chase mansion of our illustration, a superb example of Colonial architecture. From its upper windows it commands a view of the Severn and the roadstead, the Harwood house opposite having been built low, tradition has it, so as not to obstruct this view. In this day in the old time Lionel Carvel's ships tugged at anchor or ruffled sail, outward bound with tobacco, inward with Madeira and French wine, finery and coaches, or with ballast of English bricks to build more mansions. So had been built Carvel Hall, across the bay, in the midst of its broad acres; whither, come every St. Taminas, behold Lionel Carvel embarking from Annapolis dock; and, one fifteenth of June, two children with him, his grandson and Dolly Manners, planning adventures as the dozen of negro rowers dip oars and make out around Kent Island and across. Landed, the two set out on a tour of inspection

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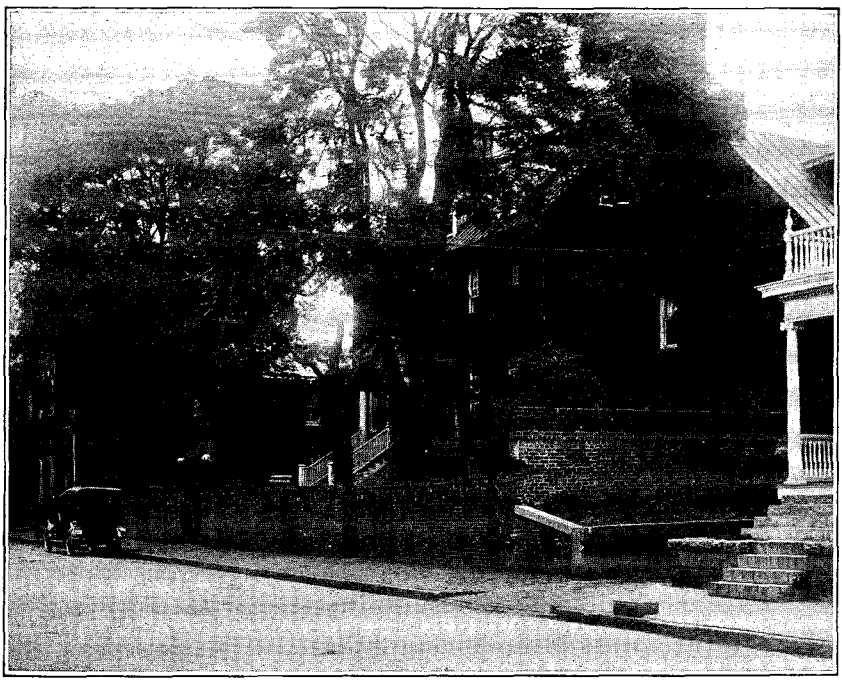

CARVEL HALL HOTEL. KENNEDY'S HOUSE. MR. CHURCHILL STAYED, WHILE TAKING HIS EXAMINATIONS, AT THE OLD KENNEDY BOARDING HOUSE (NOW CARVEL HALL IN HONOUR OF THE BOOK) THE HOSTELRY OF ANNAPOLIS AT THE TIME

of the Hall—"the old house with its hundred feet of front standing on the gentle slope rising from the river's mouth, the great vines Mr. Carvel had fetched from England all but hiding the brick and climbing to the angled roof; and the velvet green lawn of silvery grass descending terrace by terrace to the waterside." This is Annapolis hinterland indeed, alive again with the dancing, drinking, horse-racing, fox-hunting and other sorts of decorous culture that went on within and around it.

"I shut my eyes," Richard Carvel writes in another place, thinking again of the Carvel town house, "and there comes back to me unbidden the dining-room in Marlborough Street of a grey winter's afternoon," and there, in the dim light, around the fire, Lionel Carvel and his guests, Whig and Tory alike, and in a recessed window a tall slip of a lad listening—for the Manners coach and Mistress Dorothy.

But the gay cavalier period is closing before Mr. Churchill begins to describe it—inevitably closing, for transitional periods with their witness of large conflict are his deliberate choice—and before the book closes Richard Carvel has to disperse a mob gathered around the "Peggy Stewart House" to do something more than justice to a Tea-tax payer; and a little later plays a part in the fight between the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. After which comes a return to Carvel Hall, with Dorothy; to Carvel Hall no longer in his Lordship's province, but in the State of Maryland: for the new era had arrived.

Three generations have passed by when the next novel, *The Crisis* opens, and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Richard and Dorothy Carvel, as part and representatives of the westward turning stream of the Gay people, are meeting with the likewise

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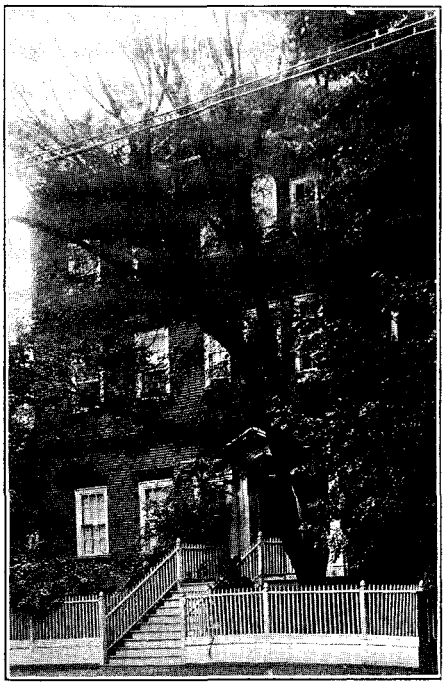
westering stream of the Grave people in St. Louis. It is no dream city that Mr. Churchill frames around them, but a definite local habitation with a well-known name—such a realistic setting as people desire, if Lincoln's story (*The Crisis,* p. 237) is guarantee: "What a fellow wants in a book is to know *where he is.*" It is the St. Louis of before the war, a beautiful city with great trees



THE CHASE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, THE HOME OF LIONEL CARVEL

and dignified houses where people lived (as it is written of a later period in *The Inside of the Cup*) "leisurely lives in a sleepy quarter of shade trees and spacious yards."

Mr. Churchill was eminently qualified to depict just such a situation; St. Louis was his home, and he took his descent from both of the two strains whose conflicting ideals he here pictures. John Churchill, his remote ancestor, landed at Plymouth in 1643, and from him came the family of Portland Churchills to which Mr. Churchill belongs, for nearly a century ship-owners and West India merchants. His mother was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards and of the Dwights of Yale crossed with a strain that went over from Virginia to Kentucky in that migration depicted in *The Crossing.* Her family and connections in St. Louis was a well-known one, going back to the early days of the city. His maternal grandfather was a Kentucky planter and slave-owner, and is, indeed, the prototype of Colonel Comyn Carvel of *The Crisis.* He kept race horses and slave jockeys, one of whom was living in Mr. Churchill's boyhood and used to complain that his master sweated him to weight. He is the officious "Ned" of *The Crisis* who promises to observe the proprieties with reference to *Miss* Jinny Carvel only if she will call him *Mister* Johnson. Colonel Carvel tells a little of his story on page 164 of *The Crisis.*

There are historical incidents aplenty in *The Crisis,* meetings and battles and flights,—such as that burlesque flight of the panic-stricken St. Louians who fled when no man pursued; or the surrender of Camp Jackson and the patrician National Guard to the German loyalists and unionists.

There are also other *de facto* persons in *The Crisis*—Lincoln, and Grant and Sherman, of whom Mr. Churchill has given masterly pictures; and, less known, the *M. Bienvenu* banker, Mr. Brinsmade, who is generally conceded to represent (with such universalising as a creative author must be allowed) the same James E. Yeatman to whom *Richard Carvel* was dedicated, "an American gentleman whose life is an example to his countrymen." His story has already been told in the pages of THE BOOKMAN (September, 1901), and needs here only to be recalled. Although a Tennessean by birth he was a staunch Unionist and a friend of Lincoln's. In *The Crisis* Mr. Brinsmade becomes the leading spirit in the Western Sanitary Commission. "Brinsmade, if it wasn't for you and your friends in the Western Sanitary Commission," says General

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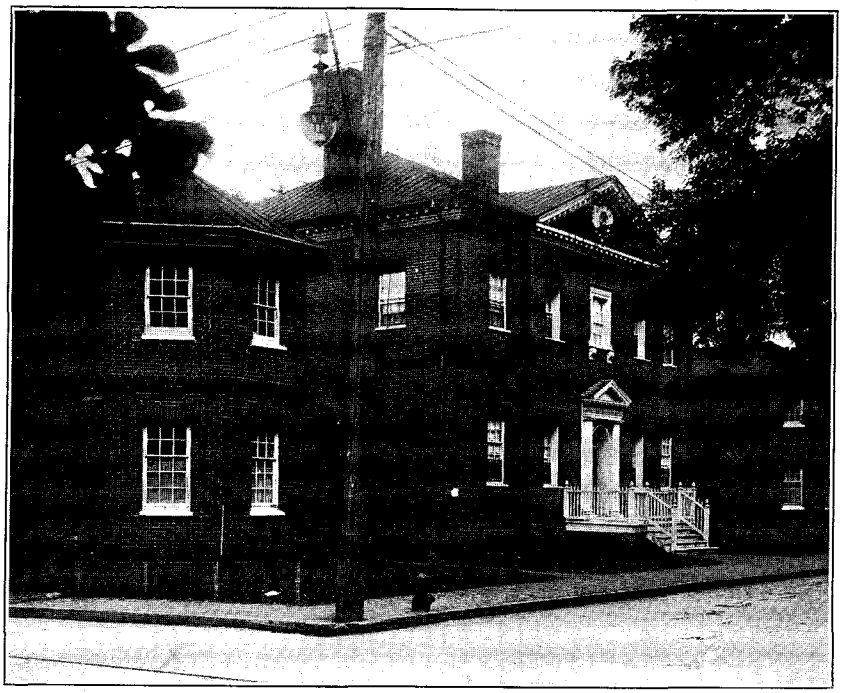
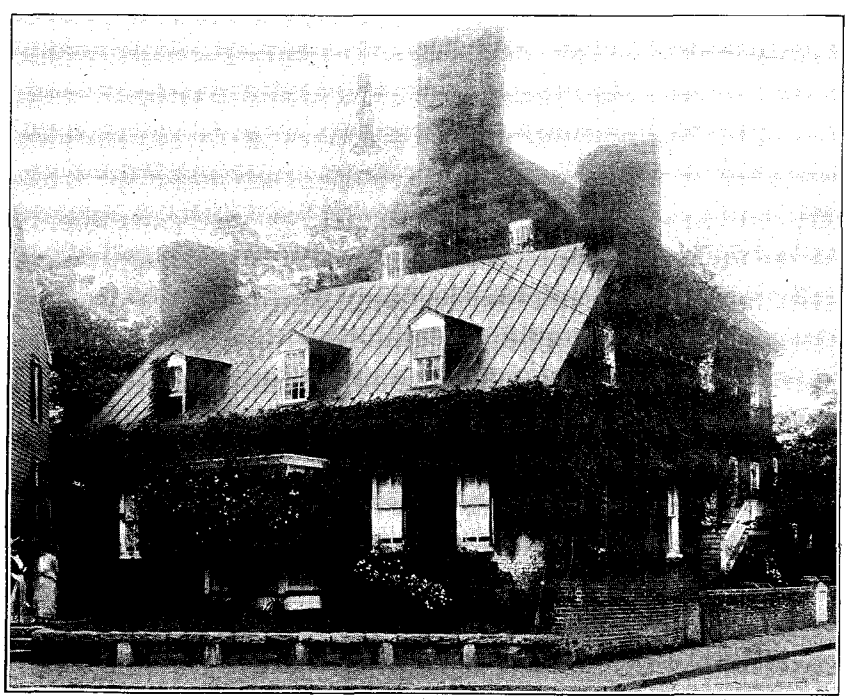


HARWOOD HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS



BRICE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, SUGGESTIVE OF MR. CHURCHILL'S CARVEL HALL

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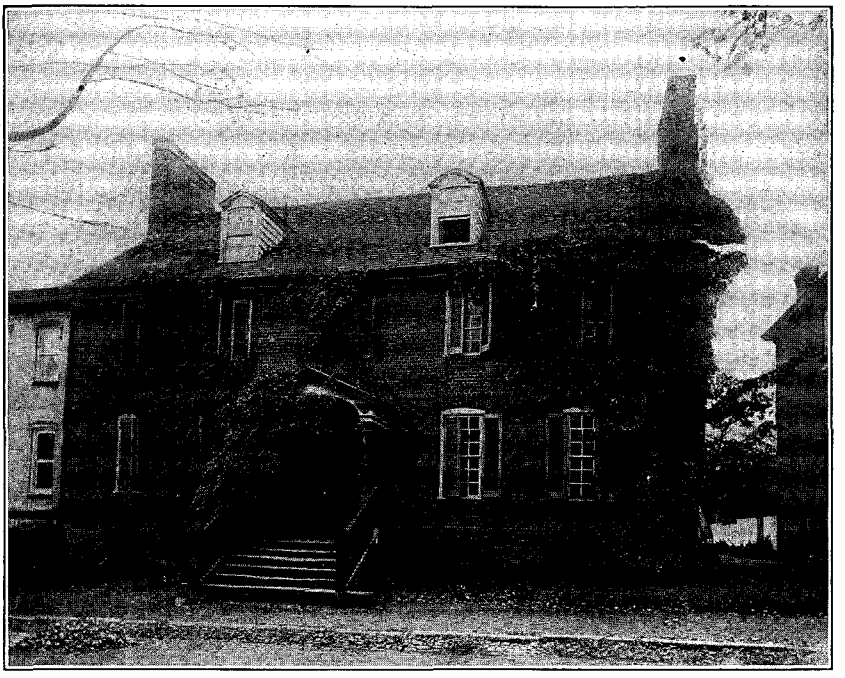

THE PEGGY STEWART HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS

Sherman, "We'd all have been dead by fever long ago." As early as 1861 Mr. Yeatman became president of this commission.

Mr. Brinsmade's residence was on the Bellefontaine Road—so we are told in *The Crisis* (p. 390). In this vicinity Mr. Yeatman had his home, first at Belmont, now known as the Eddy house, which stands upon a bluff to the west of North Broadway; and later, after the death of his second wife, with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Beverley Allen. Her house on the high bluff above Bellefontaine Road was undoubtedly the original of "Bellegarde," the Colfax house of *The Crisis,* at that time removed from the city by a stretch of country. Virginia Carvel rides to it (p. 65).

Presently the woodland hid from her sight the noble river shining far below, and Virginia pulled Vixen between the gateposts which marked the entrance to her aunt's place, "Bellegarde." Half a mile through the cool forest, the black dirt of the driveway flying from Vixen's hoofs, and there was the Colfax house on the edge of the gentle slope; and beyond it the orchard, and the blue grapes withering on the vines,—and beyond that fields and fields of yellow stubble. The silver smoke of a steamboat hung in wisps above the water.

Something more is said of it, in another use, in the chapter entitled "At Mr. Brinsmade's gate."

From the (eastern) windows might be seen, through the trees in the grounds, the Father of the Waters below. But the room is gloomy now that once was gay, and a heavy coat of soot is spread on the porch at the back where the apple blossoms still fall thinly in the spring. The huge black town has coiled about the place. The garden still struggles on, but the giants of the forest are dying and dead. Bellefontaine Road itself, once the drive of fashion, is no more. . . . Still the old house stands, begrimed but stately, rebuking the sordid life around it.

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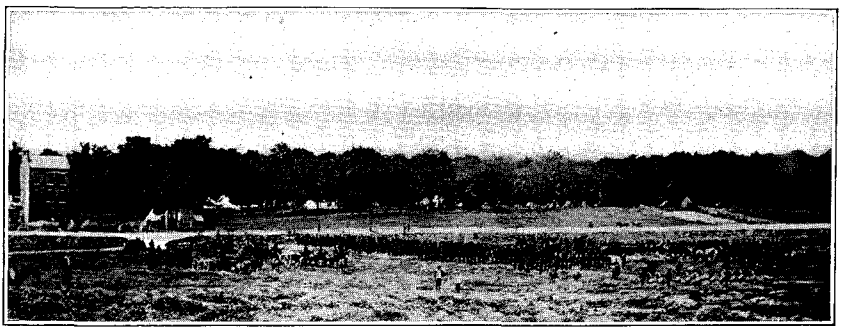

CAMP JACKSON, ST. LOUIS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Other houses of the story have been even less fortunate. "Old St. Louis has changed from a pleasant Southern town to a bustling city, and a high building stands on the site of that wide and hospitable home of Colonel Carvel."

In *A Modern Chronicle,* Mr. Churchill again introduces St. Louis.

Saint Louis, or that part of it which is called by dealers in real estate the choice residence section, grew westward. And Uncle Tom might be said to have been in the vanguard of the movement. In the days before Honora was born he had built his little house on what had been a farm on the Olive Street Road, at the crest of the second ridge from the river. Up this ridge, with clanking traces, toiled the horse-cars that carried Uncle Tom downtown to the bank and Aunt Mary to market.

Fleeing westward, likewise, from the

THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MRS. BEVERLY ALLEN, OF ST. LOUIS, MRS. CHURCHILL'S GRANDMOTHER. THE ORIGINAL OF "BELLEGARDE" IN "THE CRISIS." BUILT IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, IT IS NOW IN A MANUFACTURING DISTRICT

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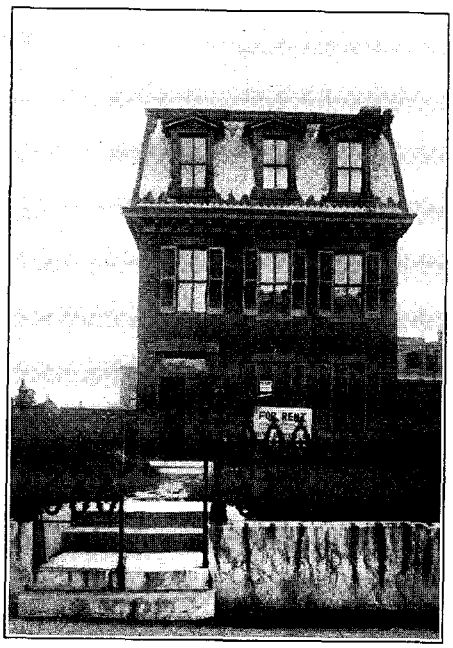
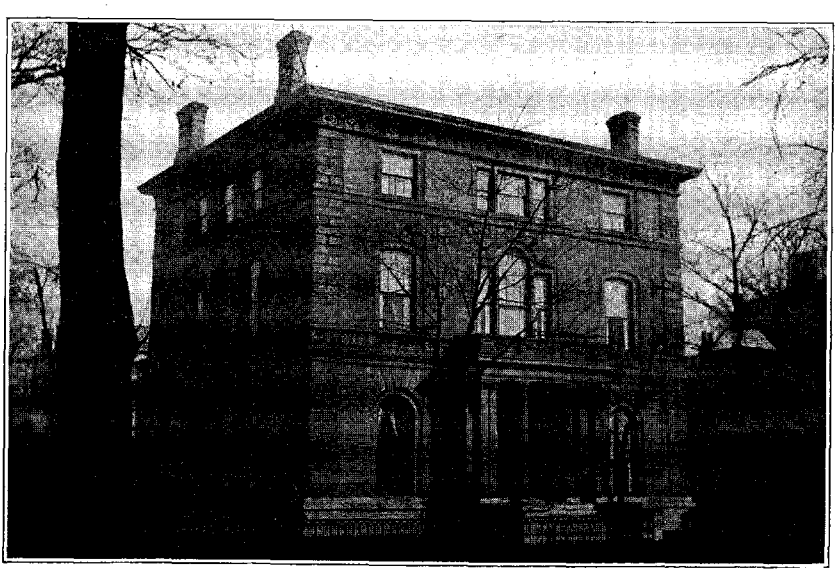


2810 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. J. G. GAZZAM, MR. CHURCHILL'S UNCLE. NOW OVERTAKEN BY THE SOOT

smoke, friends of Uncle Tom's and Aunt Mary's gradually surrounded them—building, as a rule, the high Victorian mansions in favour at that period, which were placed in centre of commodious yards. For the friends of Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary were for the most part rich, and belonged, as did they, to the older families of the city. Mr. Dwyer's house, with its picture gallery, was across the street.

In the midst of such imposing company the little dwelling which became the home of our heroine sat well back in a plot which might almost be called a garden. In summer its white wooden front was nearly hidden by the quivering leaves of two tall pear trees. On the other side of the brick wall, and near the iron fence, was an elm and a flower bed that was Uncle Tom's pride and the admiration of the neighbourhood. The eastern wall of the house was a mass of Virginia creeper, and beneath that another flower bed, and still another in the backyard.

Uncle Tom was engaged in a perpetual and gentle warfare against the soot. He had fled the devouring city, but it pursued him (and now, alas, has come upon and around the little house he built and left it a soulless and a torn body); what Meredith calls the "banner of metropolis" flew over his garden.



COLLIER HOUSE, ST. LOUIS. BUILT IN THE FIFTIES. RESIDENCE OF MR. COLLIER'S GREAT AUNT. TYPE OF RESIDENCE MENTIONED IN MANY OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS

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RUEL DURKEE, SUPPOSEDLY THE PROTOTYPE OF JETHRO BASS IN "CONISTON"

Behold him then, of an early morning, in his seersucker coat bending tenderly over his beds, and washing the dark stains from his flowers.

In all this Mr. Churchill may well be thought to be drawing on his own experience. The quiet little house where Aunt Mary and Uncle Tom of the peaceful soul brought up Honora is a reminiscence, at the least, of the home where Mr. Churchill passed his boyhood. It is, as near as may be, a picture of 2810 Pine Street, St. Louis. Under the steep Mansard roof of this dwelling must have been "the little house under the hill," as Honora's room was called. Next the house was the Parsons residence and picture gallery, where we may suppose (though Mr. Parsons is in no way to be identified with the Mr. Dwyer who owns the gallery in the story) Honora's longing for distant things, her romantic spirit you may say, was stirred, and Aunt Mary was set a-longing for the sea.

Other features of old St. Louis are revived in *A Modern Chronicle*—Uhrig's Cave for instance, where her boy lover, Peter, takes Honora to her first opera; and there the lights are set aglow again, the garden replanted within, and the tables set once more: or Schneider's Garden, the lesser Uhrig's Cave of the 80's. Honora sees much of the outside of life in many other places before she finally returns to find reality in this same "somewhat conservative city on the banks of the Mississippi River."

It is an open question as to whether a memory of St. Louis does not enter now and again into Mr. Churchill's most recent publication, *A Far Country*. The general setting, indeed, is distinct, a city "some twelve hours distant from the Atlantic seaboard, a city of fortunes made suddenly in steel and iron—Pittsburgh." But the decorous and contented culture of the "Second Bank" (which is in Allegheny) seems not unmindful of the equally decorous "Olive Street Road" where stood the little house to which came the hero-

POLLY DURKEE

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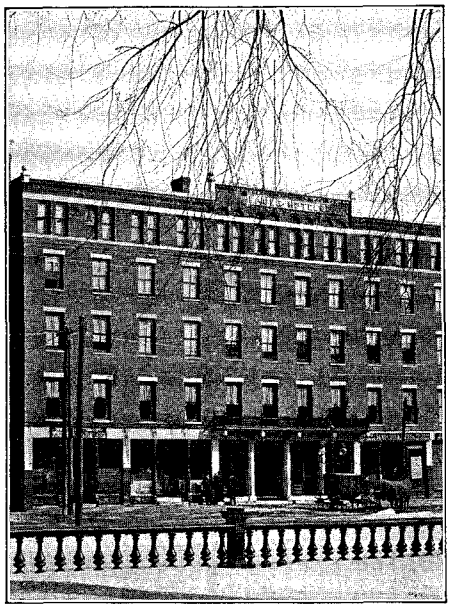


THE EAGLE HOTEL, CONCORD, TO-DAY. THE OLD "PELICAN HOUSE" OF "CONISTON"

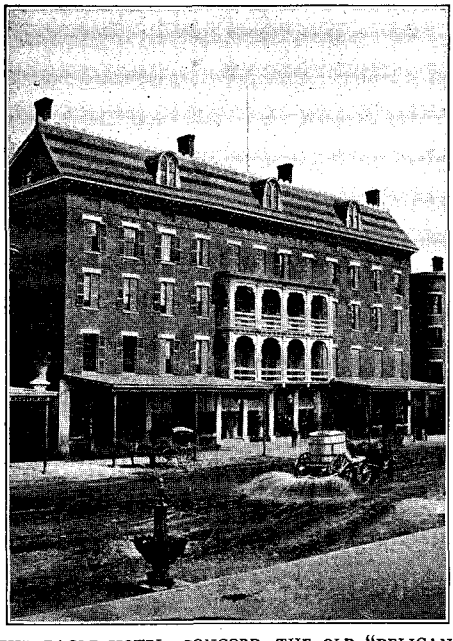
ine of *A Modern Chronicle*. And perhaps the "Forest Park" which is Honora's blissful country, and Claremore which is Hugh Paret's Hesperides are not unconnected; twin flowers of a stem that roots in real experience. The experience must have begun when Mr. Churchill was very young; Hesperia was then Kirkwood, outside of St. Louis.

Westward the star of empire, and westward the fortunate people of *A Modern Chronicle* and *A Far Country*, moving their houses ever away from the smoke. But Mr. Churchill turns eastward and his heroes and heroines with him. The spell of the sea is upon them; on Aunt Mary of *A Modern Chronicle*, as we have said, who thinks it would be nice to spend a whole summer by it and listen to its waves dashing against the beach; on Davy Ritchie of *The Crossing* finding his way to Charleston when "the wind burst out of the East with a high mournful note, as from a great flute afar, filling the air with leaves and branches of trees. But it bore, too, a savour that was new to me, —a salt savour, deep and fresh, that I drew down into my lungs. And I knew that we were near the ocean." And on Hugh Paret, coming out of the West to Harvard and thrilled in Boston by the sharp smell of the salt laden East wind. To follow them is to approach Mr. Churchill's peculiar country. For he has one.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

What Sussex is to Kipling, or Wessex to Hardy, or Cornwall to Hugh Walpole, that New Hampshire is to Mr. Churchill.

In 1898 he purchased a farm at Cornish, New Hampshire, on the Connecticut River above Windsor, Vermont. Here he built Harlakenden House, since enlarged, and for the past two summers occupied by President Wilson. It is a colonial residence—the comely architecture Mr. Churchill had learned so



THE EAGLE HOTEL, CONCORD, THE OLD "PELICAN HOUSE" OF "CONISTON" AT THE TIME OF JETHRO BASS

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well at Annapolis—and overlooks the river from a height; over beyond the river to the north rises Ascutney Mountain, blue and shadow-haunted and equipoised.

In 1903 and again in 1905 he represented the town of Cornish in the New Hampshire legislature, and (says a biographical article) "it was during this period he gained the insight into politics that enabled him to interpret his political experiences in terms recognised as typical of all the States from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Paradoxically insight into politics was obtained by staying on the outside of "politics"; and he must have been as much on the outside as is Krebs in *A Far Country,* a solon by accident, and as such "neither fish nor flesh nor fowl nor good red herring." This, of course, was in the unregenerate days of American government, when it was possible for a corporation to control a State. New Hampshire was as yet unreformed.

The experiences of this period found fascinating expression in *Coniston* (1906); and further expression, together with others of a political sort, in *Mr. Crewe's Career,* which followed Mr. Churchill's campaign as candidate of the Lincoln Club of New Hampsire for the Republican nomination for governor of the State. It is in these two books that his special country is discovered. To reach it you must travel up the broad river up which fared, over a century ago, the adventurous band of settlers from Connecticut who, the first, came to look on Coniston Water. And if you be fortunate you will arrive on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary, perhaps, of the founding of Brampton and from early morning will see the wagon loads pour into Brampton Street from Harwich (its own sesqui-centennial but a year sped), from Coniston, from Tarleton Four Corners, and even from distant Clovelly, much as they did when Jethro Bass brought Cynthia Ware, his "Cynthy," to a Fourth of July celebration,—Jethro the canny, laconic, dominating old-type country politician whose soul was stirred to express its inherent power by a biography of Napoleon. It is generally supposed that Mr. Churchill had in mind when he fashioned this most realistic of characters one Ruel Durkee, of Croydon, who is still a vivid tradition in the State he, individually, controlled. And when you know that Coniston is in real life Croydon, it is time enough to know also that Harwich of the tale is Claremont; "distant Clovelly" is Cornish where Mr. Churchill now lives, (and it is not far distant); Brampton is Newport, and Coniston Water, up and down which Mr. Worthington used to wander searching for a mill-site—though no one but Jethro guessed his purpose, is the Sugar River. The mill-site was found, and one of the mills of Newport is now called "Brampton Mills" in honour of the book. "Tumble Down brook, which flowed into Coniston Water above Brampton" (p. 386) is none other than the delightful little stream of the happy name, "Blowmedown," which flows indeed not into Coniston Water, but into the Connecticut, and flows first by distant Clovelly (that is, Cornish) and turns a handful of mills that are not Mr. Worthington's—one at least being Mr. Churchill's—and sends its clear waters through long pipes to create a mellow music like that of Coniston Water through the tinkle and fall of the fountain on the Churchill lawn. Here, too, on Newport common, in full view of all men, is a bandstand, the grandchild, may be, of that very bandstand which Jethro Bass assigns as a second meeting-place with the pretentious Mr. Worthington shamefacedly seeking him by night, and then desiring a postponement and a safer seclusion.

"B-busy Saturday night," said Jethro. "Meet you to-morrow."

"What time?"

"Noon," said Jethro, "noon."

"Where?" asked Mr. Worthington dubiously.

"Bandstand in Brampton Street," said

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Jethro, and the storekeeper (an auditor enforced) was fain to bend over his desk to conceal his laughter, busying himself with his books. Mr. Worthington sat down with as much dignity as he could muster.

But follow Cynthia back to Coniston.

On that slope and hidden in its forest nook, among the birches and briers (is) the little school-house where Cynthia had learned to spell; here, where the road makes an aisle through the woods, she had met Jethro. The choir of the birds was singing an evening anthem now as then, to the lower notes of Coniston Water, and the moist, hot-house fragrance of the ferns rose from the deep places.

At last they came suddenly upon the little hamlet of Coniston itself—

the green, the store with its horse-block and checker-paned windows, the tannery-shed weather beaten and neglected (for Jethro had moved to Thousand Acre hill), the white meeting house where Priest Ware had preached (in mittens), and the parsonage. To the westward rises Coniston mountain, and from it amethystine shadows descend and deepen upon the hamlet. The thrushes song falls silent, and whippoorwills begin to call across Coniston Water.

Coniston mountain is the indirect salvation of Cynthia's father: a description of it, unnamed and unsigned, takes Jethro's fancy, and Wetherell, to whom Jethro rightly brings it home, becomes a paid contributor to a newspaper. It was no sudden emotion in Jethro that had endeared the mountain picture to him. His love of the hills was bred in his bone.

Jethro thought the view from Thousand Acre hill, especially in September, to be one of the sublimest efforts of the Creator. It was September, first of the purple months in Coniston, not the red purple of the Maine coast, but the blue purple of the mountains, the colour of the bloom on a Concord grape.

Thousand Acre hill, fortunately, is moveable; for it has no absolute prototype, and if it adjoins Coniston in the book, its duplicate overlooks an airy country from "distant Clovelly"; if Jethro Bass lived on it in Croydon, Harlakenden House is situate on it, at a lower level, in Cornish, and Mr. Churchill's study windows open out from it so that (like Yeats's shepherd) he must "flee the persecution" of natural glory and write behind darkened windows. The view from Harlakenden is memorable and the charm of it has permeated all of Mr. Churchill's writings, particularly those that have to do with New England. A few hundred yards below the house the Connecticut flows, a little too far away for even the louder notes to be quite audible; but the gleam of moving waters is piercing across rich meadows—"Sights sensed like sound." Beyond the river, on the further side are Vermont hills, vivid slopes of green where sunlight curdles purple among the rocks and around the clumped pine trees. Down the valley, to the North, is Ascutney Mountain, Mecca for all eyes—high, equipoised, regular, and its colour, especially in September, "first of the purple months in Cornish" (to borrow from Mr. Churchill's perfect description) is "blue purple, the colour of the bloom on a Concord grape."

Jethro Bass's activity is not limited to the little town in the shadow of Coniston mountain. It extends over the whole State, and in exercise of it he and the tale must betake themselves to the State capital, to the "Pelican Hotel," and the "Throne Room,"—his room. The "Pelican" still stands in Concord; only that in temporary life its name is Eagle. The Throne Room is on the front side of the house, and is now numbered 1. It is now known by the name Mr. Churchill has given it. He himself held levee in it when he was candidate for the governorship, following the custom of gubernatorial candidates in the State to hold a reception in the "Eagle" the night before Convention. And there, in the room he had celebrated as the seat of

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political corruption, some thousands of his supporters came to meet him, New Hampshire's first leader in the fight against corporation control in politics.

In *Mr. Crewe's Career* Mr. Churchill continues the study of public life advanced so far in *Coniston;* and in the picture of Mr. Crewe in his naïvely idealistic moments of humanitarian bills, gives something of a travesty of his own campaign. Needless to say, the story ceases to be even a travesty of this campaign when it concerns itself with Mr. Crewe's opportunism. The background is much the same as that of *Coniston:* a little further to the South and East, but still centering around Concord and the "Eagle," and showing the same rich sympathy for New Hampshire folk and country; the same love for the hills. These are not things apart, dead background against which life evolves; but a force and spiritual presence to mould and to control. Euphrasia in *Mr. Crewe's Career* responds to it; her mistress, now dead, had done so even more.

"Yes," continued Euphrasia, "the mountain was alive for her. 'He's angry to-day, Phrasie. That's because you lost your temper and scolded Hilary.' It's a queer thing, but there have been hundreds of times since when he needed scoldin' bad, and I've looked at the mountain and held my tongue. It was just as if I saw *her* with that half-whimsical, half-reproachful expression in her eyes, holding up her finger at me. And there were other mornings when she'd say, 'The mountain's lonesome to-day, he wants me.' And I vow, I'd look at the mountain and it would seem lonesome. That sounds like nonsense, don't it?"

But Victoria Flint, to whom the question is addressed, does not think it nonsense, for she, and Austen Flint as well, lives under the influence of Sawanec mountain. She is drawn and pained and blest by it.

"Sometimes," she says to Austen, gazing out at it, "sometimes it is so beautiful that it *hurts* to look at it."

Austen can sympathise with her, for her experience had been his own.

The trees were in their early leaf in Ripton Square, and the dark pine patches on Sawanec looked (from Austen's little office) like cloud shadows against the shimmer of the tender green. He sat at his table, which was covered with open law-books and papers, but his eyes were on the distant mountain, and every scent-laden breeze wafted in at his open window seemed the bearer of a tremulous, wistful, yet imperious message—"Come!" Throughout the changing seasons Sawanec called to him in words of love: sometimes her face was hidden by cloud and fog—and yet he heard her voice! Sometimes her perfume—as to-day—made him dream; sometimes, when the western heavens were flooded with the golden light of the infinite, she veiled herself in magic purple, when to gaze at her was an exquisite agony, and she became as one forbidden to man.

From position Sawanec is Monadnoc rather than Ascutney; but in spirit it is Ascutney, and in spirit what Mr. Churchill has written in this respect of Austen or Victoria is autobiographical also; hence the darkened windows of Harlakenden study. Hence too our feeling that with Cynthia Wetherell in Boston longing for Coniston, walking far that she might have a glimpse of the Blue Hills suggestive of her own; or with Austen Vane longing for Sawanec; or with Jethro Bass thinking "of a granite-ribbed pasture on Coniston Mountain that swings in limitless space, from either end of which a man may step off into eternity," we, too, are turning from far away places to the North Country, the New Hampshire that preserves the quiet tradition of the old, to the country Mr. Churchill has made his own by a fascinating power of realistic portrayal and poetic interpretation.

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THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VI—SOUTH AND WEST—ATHENSES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THE activity of the little towns in publishing magazines at the beginning of the nineteenth century was only paralleled toward its close by the countless imitations of the *Chap Book*. And for the same reason. Their proprietors wanted to express themselves and had no other way to do it. In this respect the early crop of editors was not as mistaken as the later, it is true, but the recorders of their aspirations were as brief. Few things are more surprising in the history of our magazines than the number of inconspicuous villages which attempted even ambitious ones. So it had been in New England, and in the Middle States; so it was in the Southern States; and so it was to be in the West. No one guessed, in a new and rapidly growing district, which way the cat was going to jump. Any village court-house might some morning find itself an Acropolis; and the printer a place side by side with Franklin and Thomas among the achieving pioneers! The States were full of such visionary villages, and of printers who willingly if not gladly went down into their own pockets for the cost of publication.

The first magazine in Maryland, in 1798, was such an acorn from which an oak was to have grown. In the course of two months, said the proprietor in closing, we will resume in the form of a monthly if five hundred subscribers can be procured. But where could so many be found in Frederick Town? The editor of *The Hive,* published in the village of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, might have informed the editor of *The Key* that their towns were too near together for each to become an Athens, and that Lancaster was clearly marked for the favoured one. The *Child of Pallas, Devoted mostly to Belles-Lettres,* published in Baltimore in 1800, guessed better than either of them as to the future greatness of its dwelling-place, but the growth proved commercial rather than spiritual (as an Athenian might say). Sparks, in his article on Baltimore in the *North American,* 1825, which practically introduced the city to the North, said that the enterprising spirit of its people was much more energetic in its combined and continued action than that of any other city of the United States. But though the centre of Roman Catholic wealth and culture (so much so that the *Metropolitan,* a Catholic monthly, styles her in 1830 the Rome of America), Beatrice Ironsides thought she cared more for her pocket than her mind and her soul. The editor of *The Companion* (a mere man!) had given up his hopeless struggle for five hundred subscribers, but Beatrice, who had been his assistant, announced that she would continue the journal herself under the name of *The Observer.* (Note how the gentle intimacy of the former title gives way to the emotionless alertness of the latter—can this be a forecast of feminism?) Beatrice the energetic thus taps Baltimore over its acquiline nose with her lively pen:

> Oh, that mine enemy were editor of a Baltimore Miscellany, and were he anything less than *iron,* how quickly would all my wrongs be avenged. The attempt of a female to promote the cause of taste, literature, and morals would, it should seem, have been cherished with respect and forwarded with assistance and encouragement. But alas! luckless Dame, not long were the illusions of thy fancy to deceive thee. Do the sheets of the *Observer* contain only dissertations on morality and selections from

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the best authors, however judicious, every one exclaims how dull, how insupportable; on the other hand, does Beatrice endeavour to enliven the page by using the arm of ridicule to combat folly, a thousand divinities suppose themselves pointed at. Every illustration of character that Beatrice has used has, by the folly of some and the black malignity of others, been appropriated to persons far from her imagination. If Beatrice refuses to embellish the *Observer* with the sublimities of the sons of the dullest of dull prose who forcibly scramble up Parnassus, they become her sworn and inveterate enemies. Thus is poor Beatrice assailed in every quarter; every weapon is raised against her, except wit; and of that, Heaven be praised, she has no very heavy cause of complaint. Oh, that mine enemy were editor to a miscellany in the liberal, the enlightened, the polished city of Baltimore!!!

Yet, in spite of this delightful Beatrice, Baltimore was for the first quarter of the century the only literary centre, such as it was, south of Philadelphia. During that period it published at least twelve magazines; and it had a literary club, The Delphian, which issued a periodical, the *Red Book,* and numbered among its members Neal, Sparks, John Pierpont, Francis Scott Key, and William Wirt; and, lastly, it made the Athenian attempt which distinguished, at one time or another, all the Northern triplicate of cities—that of capturing every household by an attractive union of politics and fashion plates. Thus it had decided claims to recognition. Its chief enduring claim, however, was of so pedestrian a nature that it has generally been overlooked. Yet *Nile's Weekly Register* was an extraordinary achievement. It was published from 1811 to 1849! Once, in the prime of its long life, it migrated to Washington for three years; and it retired to Philadelphia for a nice quiet place to die in (and during its final year there it was only half alive since its animation was suspended for three months of that period!). "Containing political, historical, geographical, scientifical, statistical, economical, and biographical documents, essays, and facts, together with notices of the arts and manufactures and a record of the events of the times"—you would scarcely suppose that its editor would have found the spare moments for a series of humourous essays entitled Quill Driving (although you may guess the title was not entirely an inspiration) and a book of importance on the Principles and Acts of the Revolution. So important did his generation find the *Weekly Register* that a General Index to the first twelve volumes was published in 1818; and so valuable did a succeeding generation find it as a contribution to American history, that it reprinted the first thirty-two volumes. Well might two American towns be named in honour of the father of so monumental a record! Beatrice Ironsides ceased to issue a weekly repertory of original and selected essays in verse and prose ere Niles could record her as one of the events of the times, but the year 1806-07 glitters more brightly for the scribe who places this wreath on her unknown brow than all the period covered so painstakingly by his stupendous register. Did she make much ado about nothing when she smartly berated Benjamin Bickerstaff, for saying that the sun of *The Observer* had set when he left its pages in a huff—he, the oracle of most of the little misses of the town? Opera-bouffe Boadicea amongst those forgotten beaux and belles, and first of editresses, hail! Not many stars in your pamphlet era were dancing like that one under which you were born.

It was thirty years after in time, and a whole century in style, that another Southern woman followed her example. But Mrs. Anne Royall inaugurated a new kind of paper—the *Town Topics* of its year—when she established a weekly devoted to gossip of the sayings and doings of men and women of her day. It was not inappropriately named *The Huntress,* and the Washington of her time afforded her an abundance of prey. So relentlessly did she stalk it that John

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Quincy Adams called her "the virago-errant in enchanted armour," the latter part of the phrase referring doubtless to the immunity which chivalry was fancied to dictate. No fire-eater fought any duels with Mrs. Royall, it is true; but, on the other hand, while her censure was no more vindictive and personal than was most men's of the time, her praise had a saccharinity which would have stumped even the most grandiloquent masculine pen.

CHARLESTON AND SIMMS

When you went farther South than Baltimore and Washington, you jumped all at once into another civilisation. It was that of a landed aristocracy, says Professor Baskerville.

> The settlers lived far apart, and the many rivers allowed them even to dispense to a great extent with roads. To the private schools at rich gentlemen's houses the poor seldom had access, and a free school system did not exist. So the newspaper, the next great educating power, found uncongenial soil in the Southern Colonies. Literature was thought to be undertaken only by those who had been a failure in law, politics, or the Church. All over the South, even in the smaller towns, were coteries of men and women who lived in an atmosphere of wit and learning; but the eighteenth century reigned supreme, and artificiality vitiated everything.

In 1834 an article in the Charleston *Southern Review* sought to account for Southern literary sterility by the imperfect education of the people. In Colonial times Charleston had been a world by itself, and even now it seemed immeasurably remote. "An awful retribution hangs over the Boston booksellers," wrote Samuel Gilman to Sparks in 1824, "for their vile neglect of sending periodical publications to Charleston. We never get them till more than a month after their publication." Another Charlestonian wrote him: "I will readily undertake to procure for you the works which may appear in this State and Georgia. You are aware that our press is a very sterile one. Of periodical publications we have one, the *Southern Christian Register,* an Episcopalian magazine." But considering the scantiness of her reading public, the Charleston press was only comparatively sterile. Indeed, she had been derisively called by less ambitious neighbours the graveyard of magazines. To this jest she could afford to reply calmly that in order to die one must first have been born. At any rate she had brought forth at least ten first-class magazines, and also the one professional man of letters in the South—even if poverty had obliged him, patriotic as he was, to send most of his goods to the North, where they could afford to pay for them. William Gilmore Simms was connected with over half these attempts. *The Cosmopolitan, An Occasional* proved to deserve its epithet, and *The Magnolia or Southern Appalachian* struck no roots; but the *Southern Review,* in 1828, dragged its slow length along for four years. It was perhaps the most perfect example America afforded of that scholarly contempt for popular demand which the English reviews had set native classicists to admiring. The men are not living who have read it throughout, but such as have emerged from its covers come up gasping their surprise that an unsettled and isolated district could have been thought capable of producing in sufficient numbers the savants who would have found such fare palatable. Even the stately *North American* had not ventured to be so exclusively classical or scientific. Nor did the *Southern Review* make, apparently, the slightest attempt to secure general attention. Enough for it that able scholars all over the South were deeply interested in the subscriptions they received in return for their valuable articles! But in spite of their thus highly paid services, Legaré, its editor for two years, had often to furnish half the contents. Consequently, when he went to represent the country at Brussels, the magazine collapsed. In 1845 *Simms's Southern and Western*

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Monthly issued twelve numbers, filled for the most part by the proprietor, and was important enough to get itself purchased by the *Literary Messenger* of Richmond. In 1849 he became editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review,* which, established in 1842 in New Orleans, had moved to Charleston. This magazine was founded "to protect the rights of our Southern soil from invasion and to promote the cause of learning, arts and literature among us. But aside from its political creed it would have none other—above all it would express no theological opinion." Nevertheless, though Charleston held as hotly to this creed as New Orleans, the review had run down; and on account of his great local reputation Simms was engaged to revive it at a salary of one thousand a year. Though Simms was not an apostle of its creed, he was for a time successful in floating it. "In two years," says Professor Trent, "he had made a very respectable publication out of a worthless one, comparing not unfavourably with its Boston contemporary. He got almost none of his salary, but from paying nothing to his contributors he advanced to the almost unheard of extravagance of paying the best of them a dollar a page. It is true that the publishers often dishonoured the drafts drawn on them by eager contributors, but still some payments were made. He himself got part of his salary in the free printing of his books and pamphlets. He used his social acquaintance to enlarge the subscription list." Altogether, he was thus a very valuable editor, especially if he himself wrote for nothing. But as he was writing novels, articles for other magazines, an interminable correspondence, and lecturing from city to city like any modern Chatauquan during the seven years of his editorship, it does not seem as if even his very remarkable energy could have found much time for contributing to its pages. In 1854, the year before he relinquished it, he said it had readers in every State and in the three great European capitals. It lasted only one year after his departure, but its demise was assisted by a fever and a fire.

Long before this, however, a former associate editor had doubled on the tracks of the magazine and founded one of his own in New Orleans. Its literary interest was confessedly secondary to "defending the rights and developing the resources of the West, the South, and the Southwest." The *Commercial Review,* 1846, had learned from the *Quarterly* how few were the Southern readers for an exclusively literary periodical; nevertheless it kept literature always well in sight. After many struggles, De Bow was able to announce in the sixth volume the largest circulation and the strongest influence in the South. But this did not interfere with a temporary suspension or his tortuous progress through no less than six New Series. His experience found an indignant voice in 1855. "Is it not a notorious fact that every Southern author, editor, or compiler who has had the temerity to try the experiment of appealing to that *dernier resort,* Southern patronage, has been compelled to pay the piper of his patriotism. How generously we continue to patronise Harper and Blackwood, Godey and Graham, and the quarterlies of the North, while the *Southern Quarterly* is in the very act of breathing its last gasp and *De Bow's Monthly* reduced to appeal for its just dues." Still *De Bow's,* more successful than its neighbour, not only maintained the spark of life by continuous gasping, but actually began to find the process salutary. The year before the war saw it flourishing; but the next year much diminished the advertising it had built up, and the scarcity of paper compelled a smaller type. In 1853 the proprietor had been appointed head of the Census Department in Washington, and had for eighteen months edited the periodical from there. He thought he could do the same thing from the Rebel capital when he moved there on service for the new government. But at last the sturdy proprietor was unable to make both ends meet, in a geographical and

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a pecuniary sense as well, and he yielded to fate. Immediately after the war he bobbed up indomitably with another New Series, but the old war-horse was now making his last charge; and his periodical soon gave up the fight for literature and became entirely commercial.

He, like the other editors of the South, was seeking valourously to do the impossible—to create a sufficient reading public out of an uneducated people. The three magazines described had the largest circle of readers to be reached, they gave a voice to the best writers of the South, and they had great part in moulding the issues that ended in war. There was abundant literary activity, if only there had been some market for it. Even in the decade before the war there were seventeen magazines started, and *Russell's* added another to the long procession in Charleston alone. The editors, however, could scarcely live on each other's patronage; readers were widely dispersed under the plantation system; and even had the periodicals been readable to others than those stimulated by motives of local patriotism, Northern people were not paying money to hear that the North under the farce of the Union—as even so unimpassioned a periodical as the *Southern Quarterly* said—"threatens to crush us beneath its unholy power."

THE "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER"

It was largely because the *Southern Literary Messenger* was less sectional that it became the most successful magazine of the South. But, like the others, it got only starvation diet at home. In the fourth number—as we read in Minor's admirable digest of its files—the editor admits some of the contents are not up to the standard, but his aim is to call forth the undeveloped talents of the Southern people; yet he is compelled to announce that he has received more complimentary notice in the North than in the South outside his own State. The number of contributions and contributors from the North is striking. The second proprietor asserted at once that it was not intended to make the work local, but it should never cease to be Southern; and a home enterprise should have home support. The *Messenger* in its twenty-first year informed its friends that it had now become the oldest living periodical except the *Knickerbocker,* which was its senior by but six months; yet for years past it had met with the most meagre patronage, and unless its means were enlarged must perish. It notes in 1858 that Putnam's spiteful *Monthly* had gone where the woodbine twineth, but the rising *Atlantic* is decidedly anti-Southern. The next year the editor says that the *Messenger* has been much less sectional in its literary works than the Northern magazines and that it has been just and impartial to Northern writers. As Mrs. Sigourney had written for the very first number, so Donald G. Mitchell and Thomas Bailey Aldrich had graced the latest ones.

The accusation of sectionalism, of course, was rife on both sides. It could not have been otherwise in the later years. But Richmond had begun it early. The *National Magazine,* 1799-1800, had said: "Sixty-six subscribers from Connecticut leads us into the region of wonders. This is the State which sends to Congress seven of the most bullying servile satellites that tremble at the nod of John Adams. It looks as if the people of Connecticut were beginning to think for themselves." Yet "the disgusting New England assumption of all the decency and all the talent" which Poe said was rampant in Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America* is, at this distance, difficult to perceive. Talent was not abundant in the thin ante-bellum literature of the South, but when it was to be discerned by eyes that had no reason to be unduly inquisitive it did not go unrecognised—as Simms and Poe and Augusta Evans could vouch. Not unrepresentative in its temperate tone was this notice in the Boston *American Magazine of Useful Knowledge,* 1834.

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We were surprised to find the last *Southern Literary Messenger* charging Mr. Bancroft with great mistakes in his *History of the United States*. The editor, who appears an able writer, even insinuates that they are designed. It cannot be admitted that Mr. Bancroft deliberately misstated facts, but that the editor is more fully acquainted with the history of Virginia is not improbable. We were sorry to see this disposition and hope it will not be indulged. Errors and mistakes ought, indeed, to be corrected; but even this should be done in a kind rather than in a harsh manner. Sectional or party feelings among literary men in different parts of the Union would be deeply deplored by every patriot, and we think by every high-minded scholar. We have had enough of this sort of warfare with England for fifty years past. We hope that nothing of the sort will arise between the scholars and writers in different sections here.

But if the periodical was more readable because less sectional, and being so had some support, however slight, from the North, the chief reason for its success was that Thomas White, its founder, was a thoroughly practical man both in the printing and the business offices. When he inaugurated it in 1834, he announced himself only printer and proprietor, and said that he would engage an editor when he could. His editorial work was done by others, at first gratuitously. R. H. Stoddard wrote:

> The first number consisted of thirty-two double column octavo pages, and its subscription price was five dollars. I am not prepared to say it was worse than the average of its time, but it was pretty bad. Two months passed before the second appeared, and it could hardly be said to be superior to its predecessor. The third number, which was extended to sixty-four pages, was instructive if not entertaining. By whatever standard it was measured it was a failure. Mr. White had not been sustained by the leading writers of America further than by their good wishes, for not one of them had contributed a line to the luckless periodical.

It bettered its promise, however, and in another year every one in the North had heard of its existence. White lived to manage it nine years. From 1847 to 1860 John R. Thompson conducted it. The next year it began to pull out the Editor's Table in a way long since discovered to be symptomatic, but Augusta Evans kept up interest by her *Beulah*. The editor formally committed the periodical to secession and urged Virginia to follow suit. That it should have continued at all during the war is testimony to the vitality which had enabled it to starve for so long a period. The growing depreciation of money raised the price to five dollars (Thompson had reduced it to three), then to eight, ten, and fifteen. Four double numbers were issued to make up for deficiencies; a monthly record of the war filled many pages, but the magazine was forced to grow more and more eclectic. Finally, in 1865, without notice, it abandoned its magnificent struggle. It had fought a good fight if it had not finished its course. No magazine but the *North American* had yet lived so long as this thirty-year-old veteran, which weathered starvation to fall in actual battle at last. None had struggled with more adverse conditions; none had so well or so lastingly preserved its tradition.

It is said that "Horseshoe Robinson" Kennedy, of Baltimore, called White's attention to Poe. He had been a most popular contributor to the first volume, and with the second became assistant editor. He got out just twelve numbers. "Before the end of the spring," says Minor, "the *Knickerbocker* and the *Mirror* had refused to exchange with the *Messenger* on account of his critiques. Even home papers began to speak of Poe's 'queerities' and the 'regular cutting and slashing' of his notices; and Poe had well begun his lifelong offensive." In January, 1837, there is a notice that "Mr. Poe's attention having been called in another direction, he will decline with the present number the editorial duties of the *Messenger*, but he will continue to furnish its columns

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with the effusions of his vigourous and popular pen." One of White's letters to Poe shows that it was his intemperance which severed his connection, but White seems to have been genuinely sorry to part with him and to have conducted the affair with all delicacy. He spoke highly of him in print, and he gave Poe a puff on his becoming editor of *Burton's*. Poe did not contribute until 1844, and the next year it was announced that he would again write critical articles.

With his stories and his criticisms during the meagre two years of his connection with the magazine, Poe was certainly able to reflect that, as at no time in her previous literary history, he had put Richmond on the map. But the letter he wrote to Anthon when projecting the *Stylus* was somewhat flamboyant. "I had joined the *Messenger,* as you know, then in its second year, with seven hundred subscribers; and the general outcry was that because a magazine had never succeeded south of the Potomac, therefore a magazine never could succeed. Yet in spite of this and the wretched taste of the proprietor, which hampered and controlled me at all points, I increased the circulation in fifteen months to five thousand five hundred subscribers, paying an annual profit of ten thousand dollars when I left it." White would have been interested to find out where this enormous sum of money was going. In 1840 he was writing Griswold: "If you choose to give me your labours for one dollar and fifty cents a page Bourgeois type and two dollars for Minion, go ahead. And even at these rates, my dear friend, you will have to be most patient with me. Indeed, you will be obliged to suffer me to take my own time to pay this pittance." Had John R. Thompson known of this colossal increase in the subscription list due to the noise Poe was making in the North, perhaps he would not have complained so bitterly in a letter to Griswold that Southern literature could not succeed there. "The *Messenger* is almost gone," he said in 1851. "Four years of hard labour find me in debt, my small patrimony exhausted." Yet the periodical had a greater literary reputation under him than under Poe, even it did not elicit so much lively comment. Apparently, though without him it would not have bulked so large in contemporary mention, Poe neither made nor broke the *Literary Messenger*.

THE WESTERN TRANSCENDENTALISTS AND ABOLITIONISTS

In 1835 James Freeman Clarke wrote to Emerson from Cincinnati, "I send you the prospectus of a magazine which we are about getting under way, and which we mean to make the leading Western periodical. We intend to combine literature and other matters with religion, and make it generally attractive. We intend that it shall be *Western* in its character, and as free from merely conventional restrictions as may be."

This was the *Western Messenger,* of which he shortly became editor; and it then moved to Louisville so that he could have an eye on his pulpit and his periodical at the same time. In spite of many misgivings that his eye should be single unto the former, he remained editor until his departure for Boston; and then the magazine migrated to its new editor, Channing, back in its first home; and travelled no more until it joined the choir invisible in 1841. Curiously enough, no paper could have been more Bostonian than this which Clarke intended should be Western. For the conventional restrictions he wished to free it from were the same as those condemned by Emerson when contemplating his "organ of spiritual philosophy." Largely supported by Eastern Unitarians, in it the transcendental movement which hung fire in Cambridge for five years found its first public voice; and, parent of the *Dial,* it expired soon after it had plucked its best feathers for its offspring. Emerson first appeared in print there; Elizabeth Peabody and Margaret Fuller contributed; and its

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editors and assistants and eight others of its writers betook themselves to the Eastern messenger as the *Western* showed signs of running down. But it is worthy of remark that those transcendentalists that had sojourned in the West thought that some of the Eastern ecstasies were a little too rarefied for intelligibility. It is also noteworthy that in spite of its constant struggles with practical demands, the *Western Messenger,* though a voice crying in the wilderness, lasted about two years longer than the Eastern evangel. As few of the denizens of the Ohio Valley could have fathomed what the *Messenger* was driving at, it seems likely that most of its readers really *bought* it—which is more than can be said of the other. Both were distinguished by much original and stimulative writing of rare excellence. Distinctive, also, like everything transcendental, was *Dial* number two—which took the name (with unshod feet and hushed breath) some six years after Emerson's had ceased to measure the sunshine. It was grandchild of the *Western Messenger,* and also the extra-mural work of a minister. To it flocked the elder dialists with Emerson and Frothingham, although the editor himself contributed most of the pages. But let Moncure D. Conway tell his own story:

> My theological and philosophical heresies reported in the Ohio journals excited discussion far and near, and a magazine became inevitable. In January, 1860, it appeared; *The Dial,* a monthly magazine for literature, philosophy, and religion. It was well received, had a large subscription list—the Jews especially interesting themselves. I was cheered by letters, and one brought me William Dean Howells. He noticed it in the Ohio *State Journal* and said, "Until now Boston has been the only place in the land where the inalienable right to think what you please has been practiced and upheld. If Cincinnati can place herself beside Boston on this serene eminence, she will accomplish a thing nobler than pork, sublimer than Catawba, more magnificent than Pike's Opera House. It numbers among its contributors some of the most distinguished thinkers of New England, and it seeks to bring out all the thinkers of the West." *The Dial* at the end of the first year was really slain by the Civil War several months in advance of its outbreak. We could not continue literary and philosophical discussions, and the war of pens and words between the anti-slavery people and the Unionists who proposed pacification. Should the time arrive when the West is interested in its intellectual and religious history, the *Dial* will be found a fair mirror of the movements of thought in that period of extraordinary generous seeking.

Period, indeed, of extraordinary generous seeking. It was in the journals of the Middle West that the anti-slavery agitation found its widest public utterance. Clarke in the first number of the *Messenger* had quoted twelve pages from W. S. Channing's *Slavery,* and condemned both that system, and the principles of the Abolitionists. On the destruction of the printing-press of Lovejoy at Alton, Ill., and his death at the hands of the mob, he wrote passionately, "Abolitionism, its folly and its mischief, is not now the question. The question is of American freedom, of liberty of thought and speech, of the freedom of the press." That freedom was nowhere so maintained as in the Ohio Valley. For reasons of policy the Eastern periodicals were barred to discussion of slavery. Even "on the serene eminence" of Boston, Lydia Maria Child and Julia Ward Howe were made to feel chill disapproval. The former had been systematically frozen out of the monthly press because of her views. "Life is growing too earnest with me to admit of my writing pretty stories," she wrote to Griswold, "and thus the effect of unpopularity is no inconvenience to me." The *North American* decidedly discouraged articles about slavery; the *Knickerbocker* printed only such views as were shared by gentlemen everywhere; the editor of *Graham's* wrote Longfellow in 1842 that the word

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slavery was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and that the publisher objected to have even the name of his new book—*Poems on Slavery*—appear in the pages. Except in periodicals founded by the Abolitionists, then (and which were read only by Abolitionists), there was little freedom of the press in the popular sense. Such as existed was cradled in the Ohio Valley, perhaps more than elsewhere. The Richmond *Examiner,* the most famous Southern journal, was unique—North or South—for printing views which were not its own or might cost it subscribers. It gave extracts from the anti-slavery writers, especially Theodore Parker. Its freedom, by the way, was more praiseworthy than its logic, for it reconciled slavery with the most radical democracy on the ingenious ground that the blacks were not strictly human beings.

Professor Stowe had written to his wife in 1840: "The little magazine (the *Souvenir*) goes ahead finely. You have it in your power by means of it to form the mind of the West for the coming generation." The task was peculiarly congenial to Mrs. Stowe, of course, but it was an ideal that actuated all the magazines of the West. In 1850 she wrote to him: "I can earn four hundred dollars a year by writing, but I don't want to feel that I must, and when weary with teaching the children and tending the baby and buying provisions and mending the dresses and darning stockings, sit down and write a piece for some paper." She had met Dr. Gamaliel Bailey when he and James Birney started the earliest anti-slavery paper in the West, the Cincinnati *Philanthropist.* Three times there his printing office had been sacked by a mob, but he issued the paper regularly. He was selected to direct a new Abolitionist organ in Washington, and he carried to the *National Era* (1847-1860) the spirit of extraordinary generous seeking he had found in Cincinnati when he moved there from Baltimore. Mrs. Stowe wrote him in 1852 that she was planning a story that might run through several numbers. He applied for it at once and she began to send off weekly installments of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* The year's work brought her three hundred dollars. Dr. Bailey issued his periodical to subscribers on, apparently, a strictly cash basis. "Every paper is stopped at the beginning of each year where the subscription is not forwarded in advance," ran the announcement. Such barks had been heard before with no bites behind them, but the *National Era* seems to have meant what it said. In 1850 they were happy to announce as an occasional contributor, Nathaniel Hawthorne, lately secured as a writer for *Blackwoods.* "He has favoured us with an article, which we now hold back for a week or two, only for the sake of those of our subscribers who under our terms have been cut off, but will doubtless speedily renew." The article was "The Great Stone Face," presumably that for which the author wrote Griswold that Bailey had offered him one hundred dollars. The *National Era* of course, like every other periodical, got most of its contents for nothing, but to even its head liners it could not afford to pay so much later. Dr. Bailey wrote Gail Hamilton in 1856 that for two years he had been compelled to be rigidly economical. "If you can afford to wait, I will on the first week of next December," he said in February, "send you a remittance of fifty dollars, for which you may send me whatever you please in your best style of prose sketches at any time between this and then." When the time came he paid her, but said that his misfortunes still continued and he would be unable to make any offer for the future. The year after his sudden death Mrs. Bailey conducted the periodical, but was forced to discontinue for lack of money—though none of the receipts, she said, had gone even to the support of her family. De Bow in New Orleans had sunk his private means and lived on twenty cents a day to start his magazine; Mrs. Bailey, delicately nur-

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tured, suffered privation to continue her husband's. The one was for slavery, the other against; and both were passionately desirous of bettering their world. Dr. Bailey was in one respect wiser than his corresponding-editor, Whittier; at least one cannot imagine his Northern associate planning the astute social campaign which Conway tells about.

Dr. and Mrs. Gamaliel Bailey of the *National Era* had established in Washington a brilliant *salon*. At their soirées there were always distinguished guests from abroad, and Grace Greenwood was on these occasions quite equal to any of those French dames whose *salons* have become historic. The Bailey entertainments were of more importance in furthering anti-slavery sentiment in Washington than has been appreciated. The anti-slavery Senators were rarely met there, with the exception of Hale; but their ladies often came. Nothing in Washington was more brilliant. The bright and pretty "Yankee" ladies got up theatricals, charades, tableaux, and the White House receptions were dull in comparison. The serious force and learning characteristic of the *National Era* could hardly prepare one to find in Dr. Bailey the elegant and polished gentleman that he was. He was the last man that one might imagine facing the mob that destroyed his printing press in Cincinnati. I do not wonder that the mob gathered for similar violence in Washington had quailed before his benign countenance and calm good-natured address to them. Mrs. Bailey, a tall, graceful, and intellectual woman, possessed all the nerve necessary to pass through these ordeals, while at the same time her apparent rôle was that of introducing young ladies into Washington society and shining as the centre of a refined social circle.

THE ATHENS OF THE WEST

This social quality they had had plenty of opportunity to exhibit in Cincinnati. Conway thought it in 1856, when he went there, the most cultivated of the Western cities. "Thanks to a third of the population being German, music flourished more than in any other city except Boston; there was a grand opera house which annually gave several weeks of opera or operatic concerts. Society was gay and its famous masquerade balls were as brilliant as those of Europe. Whitelaw Reid, Don Piatt, and Murat Halstead were writers on its distinguished daily press." By that time, too, it had made good its early-uttered claim to the title of Athens of the West in a longer list of short periodicals than any other city but its three Athenian predecessors. It had begun with the *Literary Cadet,* which had merged into the *Western Spy,* but both of these young hopefuls died early. They both struck a bugle note, however, which could scarcely have been duplicated in any of the Atlantic magazines of the time; and for the equal of that clear blast of mingled youthfulness and sophistication one would have to go back to the mushroom efforts of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. It proved to be the Western tone. Crude as it was at its worst, it never lost that clarion ring which is the property of all new movements conscious of their destiny to supersede the old.

Mr. W. H. Venable has made a specialised survey of the periodicals of the Ohio Valley. The first adventure entirely literary in Cincinnati was the *Literary Gazette,* 1824. "This is the age of magazines, even skeptics must confess it; where is the town of much renown that has not one to bless it?" wrote one of the contributors to the opening number. The editor lamented, however, that his readers must part with the year and the *Gazette* together; thus was furnished one more instance of the futility of all hopes founded on the anticipated encouragement of those intellectual exertions which contribute to soften and adorn life among a people whose highest ambition would seem to be exhausted in acquiring the means of support. The editor, like Clarke and Conway and others of a later harvest, drew on his personal acquaintance East, for we find in the magazine three poems

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of his boyhood's friend, Fitz Greene Halleck. In 1827 Flint's *Western Monthly Review* was more successful, and lasted for three years. "We are a scribbling and a forth-putting people," said the Editor's Address. "Little as they have dreamed the fact in the Atlantic country, we have our thousand orators and poets." Like the other three Athenses, Cincinnati tried to catch with honey those households whose men remained impervious to the attractions of solider fare. The motto of the *Western Lady's Book,* 1840, was so rash in its blandishments that the periodical could not survive the first number—"The Stability of Our Republic and the Virtue of Her Institutions is with the Ladies." Another of the same name followed ten years later, and almost rounded out a decade. In the beginning, under the name of the *Western,* its masculinity was not more diluted than usual; but caught like all American editors by the golden lure of *Godey's,* the proprietor announced that because of the liberal patronage of the ladies it would become more exclusively a lady's book by introducing fashion-plates and music. The introduction of the latter was ever the stamp of the ultra refinement of the fair sex. Perhaps it was in this case meant to mollify the weaker of the weaker sex by a possession all their own, since they shared the fashion-plates with their stronger sisters. They might easily have taken umbrage at the attention given the latter—for "by special arrangement with the proprietor," Mrs. E. A. Aldrich, having suspended her woman's rights paper, the *Genius of Liberty,* wrote eight or ten pages a month advocating her savage views. In the "Fashions" the lion and the lamb could lie down together, but certainly no one who demanded the ballot-box would be expected to dally with the pianoforte. This policy of all things to all women was worthy of a longer shrift. By far the most extensive and expensive literary journal was the *Ladies Repository and Gatherings of the West,* says Mr. Venable. (Whither have such titles fled, and on what frontier will ever again exist the psychology that brought them forth in pain and heaviness?) "Started nine years before the first number of *Harper's,* it was almost the only Western magazine that was well-backed and supported. It was managed by the Methodist Book Concern but was conducted in a liberal spirit from 1841 to 1876. Designed to furnish reading particularly acceptable to women and the family circle and at first abounding with heavy advice to females, it immeasurably and unceasingly belectured and relegated misses, maids, and matrons to their sphere." Nevertheless, it fostered female writing and it often paid in cash —both of them quite surprising in the Methodist Book Concern. The *Parlour Magazine,* which would doubtless have called itself a Lady's Book had not the title been filled at the moment, was also conducted on rather austere lines at first. The editor had no intention of debauching any parlours by admitting sentimental romances. Alice Cary came back from New York to infuse the slightest touch of worldliness in it, but she soon returned. The *Parlour Magazine* dragged along woodenly for two years, its new romances being as edifying as its old articles against them, and finally married in 1855 the *West American Monthly,* of which union it died at once. Two other Cincinnati periodicals come in for brief mention. Both of them scorned the obvious feminine bid, it is true, but their chief claim to be mentioned here is that they so well typify the Westerness that gave them birth. In 1847 Coates Kinney, the author of that famous lyric, "The Rain on the Roof," was assistant editor of *The Genius of the West.* The other editor had trouble with the proprietor and set up a rival journal, *The New Western, the Original Genius of the West.* It soon went out, however, and the other Genius burned alone for five volumes. Then, second characteristic of these Western periodicals, all of its good contributors went to the seaboard and left it without any oil in its lamp. These were

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the Cary girls, Wallace, Whitelaw Reid, and Howells — eastward the course of the Inspired took its way.

The chief furtherer of the cause of periodical literature in the West was W. D. Gallagher. He did not, it is true, start so many magazines as did L. A. Hine, who set four of them going in six years, but he staved off his creditors longer in each case. Hine had plenty of ideals but never enough cash to last the year out. Gallagher was responsible for but three, and all cut a dash except the first—the *Western Minerva*, started in 1824. He was sixteen years old when this Minerva sprang forth mature from his head, and he was writing verses for the *Literary Gazette* signed, not Jove, but "Julia." When he began the Cincinnati *Mirror* in 1832, he was guaranteed a salary. But it never paid its way in spite of its extensive circulation (what a pity some of those honest Jews of Swine-sin-naughty —as a famous parody dubbed it—didn't rally to his support as they did to Conway's!); and the guarantee amounted to what it usually did in such cases. The paper lasted, however, four years. "Many of the *Mirror's* articles have received a circulation unsurpassed by any other contemporaneous literary journal," said he in valedictory, "and yet we have been forced to abdicate the tripod. Simply because of the delinquency of those who have subscribed. There are due to us several thousands of dollars. It now remains for our subscribers to say whether we shall sacrifice only our time and labour or whether we shall suffer a pecuniary loss too." The subscribers cheerfully acquiesced in the latter alternative. After its death he received calls to edit, one after the other, two magazines beginning with the inevitable "Western." Three years later he began the *Hesperian*. He said in his opening speech that his ten years' exertions in behalf of Western literature had been fruitless to himself of everything but experience, yet he finds courage to make one more attempt, because he is convinced that there is throughout the whole West a great demand and a growing necessity for it. *The Hesperian* was important and had some important contributors. But Gallagher, who had been willing to starve when he had nothing, was now tempted to eat when he could, and betook himself to a mere newspaper at a liberal salary for the rest of his days. The paper, like all newspapers, had a somewhat pretentious literary department, but not large enough to endanger his salary. This defection to the cause of pure literature should be forgiven in Gallagher. *The Hesperian's* publisher exhibited the grossest remissness and most culpable mismanagement, he says; and it is to be remembered in his favour that he was so patriotic that he even refused the requests of Eastern publishers when they came at last. It is amusing to note that when the *Southern Literary Messenger* reviewed his first book of poems in 1838 it regretted the volume had not been published in one of the Atlantic cities. "How natural it is to condemn a book unread that has the imprint of a country town." This from that arrogant Athenian hamlet of the South to a city which was not only the Athens of the West but a pork-metropolis as well!

Yet for many years Lexington, Kentucky, had run her a close race as Athens. The seat of the Transylvania University, during the war of 1812, she had the right long before that to be called a literary centre. As early as 1803 she had maintained for one whole year the *Medley or Monthly Miscellany*. In 1819 she ran for two years the *Western Review*, which chided the morals of Don Juan and chortled with delight over Ivanhoe quite in the same way as its Eastern brothers, if a good four months later. The most important part of its contents, says Mr. Venable, was a series of authentic narratives of conflicts with the Indians. "Gentlemen who are not in the habit of writing for the public, and who are not even accustomed to composition of any sort, are still solicited to communicate, in the plainest manner, the facts within their

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knowledge," the far-sighted editor had stated in the opening number. This and its predecessor were the first literary magazines west of the Alleghanies, but when Lexington's third came along in 1829 there were competitors. The *Literary Messenger* and Clarke made Louisville known to the North just as the *Southern Messenger* and Poe had made Richmond known; and George D. Prentice was almost the first in that brilliant procession of personal editors which made the West famous and of which Colonel Watterson, in the same city, is now the last survivor.

Other towns which threatened to set up as Athenses but were nipped in the bud were Knoxville and Rogersville in Tennessee and New Richmond and Lebanon in Ohio, with one magazine each. Mount Pleasant and Oxford, Ohio, had two; and so had Vandalia, Illinois. The activity of the entire region is shown by the fact that out of the 359 newspapers published in 1813, Kentucky had seventeen, Ohio had fourteen, and Tennessee had six. Of these magazines only the Vandalia ones can be noticed. The *Illinois Magazine,* conducted by Judge Hall, said that paper shipped from Pittsburgh in November did not arrive until April. Mr. W. B. Cairns quotes from the Department of Literary Intelligence in one of the numbers: "We have not a great deal to say under this head, because new books are not remarkably abundant in Vandalia. Nor do we expect to be able at any time to throw much light upon the passing events of the literary world. But we intend to pick up all we can." The *Western Monthly,* conducted by the same editor, boasted *thirty-seven* contributors, all but three from its own side of the mountains. Among its "highly gifted females" was Harriet Beecher. Her first literary work won the prize of fifty dollars which this enterprising editor offered in 1833. Gallagher's Cincinnati *Mirror and Ladies' Parterre* said of it, "A New England sketch by Miss Beecher of this city is written with great sprightliness, humour, and pathos." Before 1860 at least ninety magazines devoted wholly or in part to general literature had appeared in the region watered by the Ohio and its tributaries.

As for Chicago, she had had a baker's dozen. Her first newspaper had been set up when she mustered five hundred head of population; and she had a magazine—the *Gem of the Prairie*—before she had a picket fence. But who would dare tuck in Chicago at the end of an article?

The next article will deal with the two gallant attempts of Putnam's publishing house to float a magazine embodying a new literary and social ideal. It was to be entirely original and entirely paid for—something which had never happened before—and it intended to discuss the living questions of the day. Up to this time it had been considered suicidal for a popular magazine to have any opinions. For the former attempt the time was not ripe, and the magazine went down in its generous struggle for the American author; but although it could not cure itself, it healed another magazine, and so was of first class importance in our magazine history. In its attempt to bring the American reader nearer to actual life, however, it was more immediately successful; and it was in the pages of "Putnam's" (which slightly preceded its prototype, the "Atlantic," although they were conceived about the same time) and of "The Nation" that Americans first began to read independent discussions of the serious topics of the day.

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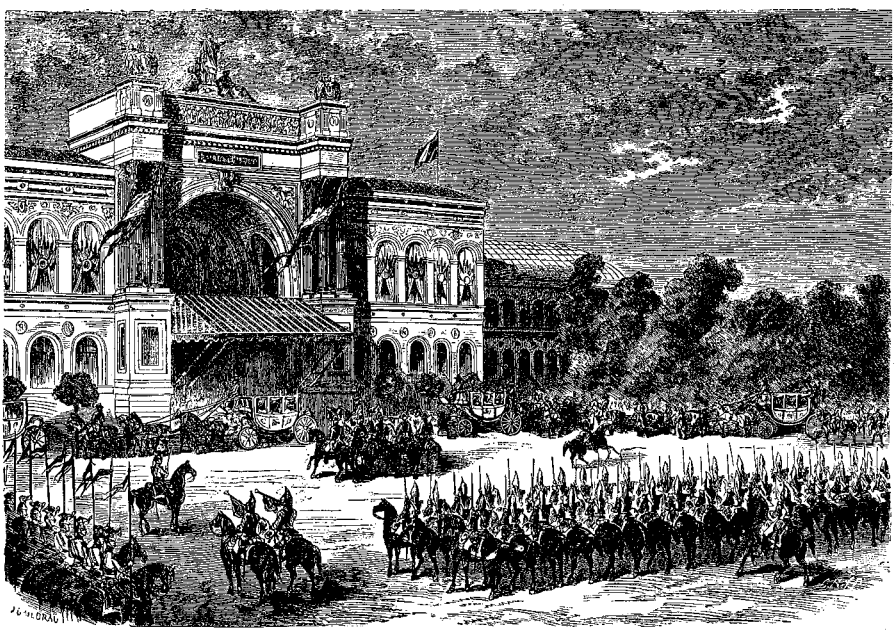

THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION OF 1867. THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION ARRIVING AT THE PALACE OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

CERTAIN REMINISCENCES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

After some years' service in London Mr. Whiteing was sent to Paris at the time of the Exhibition of 1867. The Second Empire was running its swift race toward the red ruin of Sedan, but never was the city more brilliant and glittering. The impressions of this period introduce, of the "grande monde," the Princess Mathilde, the Princess of Metternich, and the famous American dentist, Dr. Evans, and of the world of letters, Ouida, Flaubert, Taine, the younger Dumas, Edmond About, Octave Feuillet, the two Reclus silently preparing for the Commune, the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter, and the Bohemia of the Batignolles.

PART II. PARIS: LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE

MY next commission for the paper was altogether to my liking—Paris, for the Exhibition of 1867. It was the greatest of all the exhibitions in France, perhaps also in the whole world. Others had larger acreage; and I am especially not unaware of the claims of Chicago both in that and in beauty. But the 1867 exhibition synchronised with world-shaking events. The Empire, while still making a brave show of it, was really worm-eaten at the core.

Everybody had to come to Paris for this exhibition: the appeal was almost as world-wide as that of 1851. I met many persons of note at the house of the correspondent of my paper. He held the strange office of reader for the Censor, in one of the Ministries. It was his business to look through the English

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journals, as they arrived by the morning mail, and to blue-pencil them for anything that might be of interest for the Government. Occasionally he had to leave his mark upon them for an attack on the Imperial system. In this case, the whole issue had to suffer the humiliation of the blacking-brush. The offending passage was obliterated by some mechanical process that rendered it perfectly illegible. Think of such grotesque proceedings in the *cité de lumière*. They survive in some parts, as marking certain strata of the growth of civilisation and of common-sense. In St. Petersburg, for instance, you ask for your English paper at the hotel, and probably receive it with its news of Russia and its leader all blotched with these hideous disfigurements.

Our correspondent was a man of letters, author of a book or two, and, over and above that, one of the best fellows in the world. He had lived so long in Paris that in manners, and even in speech, he was more than half a Frenchman. He cherished interesting superstitions, one of them a relic of the practice of divination by birds. In emergencies, he was wont to consult a canary in his study for the luck of the issue. It was a solemn rite. He chirruped to attract the bird's attention, offered him a lump of sugar to put him in good humour, and in due course received a paper packet which the creature picked at random from a store in his cage. This contained the message of the oracle. Like other deliverances of the same order, all depended on the interpretation; and in this way it generally presaged the luck he desired. The custom is still widespread in Italy, the storehouse and museum of so many of the beliefs of the race. Until quite a few years ago it flourished in London as one of the minor industries of Hatton Garden. The parchment-skinned crone, too old to draw the organ, could still earn a trifle at the street corner with her divining bird.

The correspondence of the paper was conducted on a system of marital co-operation. The wife wrote the daily letter from his dictation as to the politics, and, as to the social life, collected the daily gossip of the Imperial *fêtes* from friends who had the *entrée* at the Tuileries. She was a sure guide in regard to the toilettes of the Empress, and the most successful creations of Worth. And this for a democratic paper! But one touch of fashion makes the whole world kin. She took incredible pains with it, rising sometimes with the sun to catch a reigning beauty in bed, for the details of last night's ball.

At this house I met Ouida, who had brought letters of introduction. It was the Ouida of the days of youth, with everything about her the perfection of daintiness, excepting, perhaps, the rather too massive head, which was the penalty she paid for her power with the pen. Her characteristic *pose* was not wanting —a hand laid with careful carelessness on the arm of the sofa, for the benefit of the company. Her conversation was like her attitude, another study in effects, this time in aristocratic sympathies. Her heroes of the moment were the leaders of the South in the American Civil War, and in particular General Breckinridge. She gave him glowing, but still condescending, praise, such as might have come from a paritisan goddess watching the day's work on the plain of Troy.

The dominant ideas of every period are usually reflected in its romance, without necessarily taking their rise in it. The novelist follows the thinker in rendering them into the terms of life. The sentimentalising heroes of Bulwer's middle period marked our introduction to German studies under the influence of Carlyle. In Ouida's youth we began to change all this, at the bidding of Dr. Dasent in his translations from the Norse, all the more readily because this implied a new compliment to our noble selves. The strong man of the Sagas, suitably arranged for the drawing-room and the tea-table, began to stalk through our fiction with Mr. Rochester.

Ouida followed suit. It was the same

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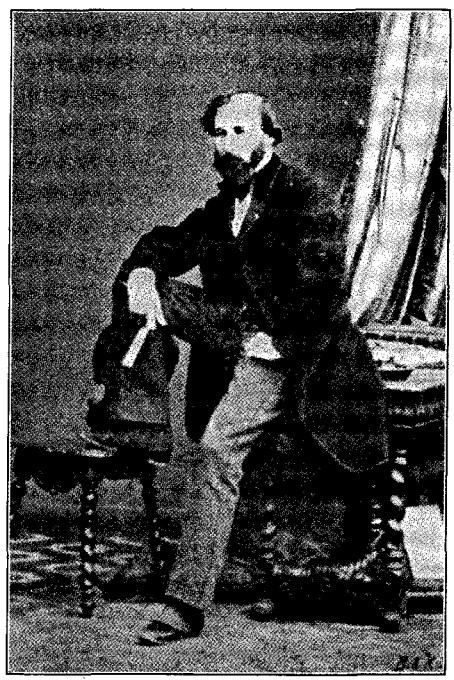
kind of hero, but with a dash of scent in peace time to heighten the effect of his Berserker rage in war or the chase. Her great rival was a writer known as The Author of *Guy Livingstone,* a character generally and genially engaged in pulverising everyone who came in his way. He grew tiresome in due course, only to return to favour in our day as the lawless superman of the existing school re-touched to harmonise him with Nietzschean theories of a coming race. In the interval, it was poor Ouida's fate to suffer eclipse at the hands of Rhoda Broughton, who was able to supply a better utility man for the drama of love.

Ouida was naturally much interested in her host, a man of family, and of air and elegance to match. He seemed, and I believe was, unconscious of the honour, but his wife took care that he should not remain so. One day, when he was hard at work on his letter, she stole softly into his study, and dropping a photograph of the charmer on his desk, as quietly withdrew. "What on earth's that for?" came in irate tones from the desk. "Inspiration, dear," in dulcet tones from the door.

Poor fellow! he was one of the victims of the siege. A serious accident prevented him from leaving the city before the gates were closed, and the hardships and the want of proper nourishment did the rest. The devoted wife used afterward to relate, with tears in her eyes, how hard-set she was to find dainties for him. At last, I believe, in her desperation, she had to fall back on the canary. One pictures the little divining bird, in the slackness of business, pecking omens from habit and all unconsciously drawing his own.

As I have said, it was good going while it lasted. The Empress was in the perfection of her beauty, and the charm of mind was supplied in the *salons* of the Princess Mathilde, a cousin of the Emperor. Flaubert, Taine, Dumas *fils,* About, Octave Feuillet were there. She *got* them; and sometimes, as women sometimes do with their fineries, lent one to her other good cousin, by marriage, on the throne. Octave Feuillet, especially, was passed on to Eugénie in this way. Mathilde could well spare him, for, while it behooved the Court to set an example in its taste for literature, she was under no obligation of that sort.



OCTAVE FEUILLET. THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN" WAS A FAVOURITE WITH BOTH THE EMPRESS AND THE PRINCESS MATHILDE

His work was a blend of the risky situation and the moral reproof. *Le Roman d'un jeune Homme Pauvre,* which placed him, overdid the moral in being somewhat superfluously correct, but he soon made good with *Monsieur de Camors,* the best example in his matured style. Monsieur was of those who are not a bit better than they should be, but he compensated by giving the heroine to understand that she was in the same plight. The indispensable touch of impropriety was still there, but it was impropriety on the stool of repentance, and the situation was saved to ethical

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ends. Both are hard reading now, the first especially, as an impossible attempt to combine priggishness with fire. The other may still survive, as family reading tempered by the lock and key in the interest of the "young person." It served to give the author his label as the "Musset of families."

The Princess could afford to choose her stars for their brightness, and for that alone. As a matter of personal taste, she drew the line at Republicanism, and lost Sainte-Beuve in consequence, but with Taine and Renan in reserve she was able to bear her lot with fortitude.

The Princess of Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, was common to both circles. She was the *enfant terrible* of the Tuileries. Her private theatricals were a longing for all who had not the privilege of the *entrée*. Her note was the audacity of the music-hall combined with the refinement of exalted station, the merry rattle at one moment, with the possibility of a quick change in difficulties to the *grande dame*. Only she could have ventured to call the greatest of the Rothschilds her "domestic Jew" without any fear of the consequences. The Italian Countess of Castiglione, who made her *début* much in the same way, had the charm of beauty with a certain dash that was her

THE PRINCESS OF METTERNICH, THE "ENFANT TERRIBLE" OF THE TUILERIES

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substitute for wit. But when her looks faded, and other disappointments came, she withdrew in a kind of horror from the world. Madame de Pourtallès and Madame de Rattazzi helped to make things hum.

The American, Dr. Evans, dentist to the Court, ought not to be overlooked in a survey of the social forces of the hour. His illustrious patients necessarily opened their mouths freely to him, and he learned many a secret which he was able to turn to account in the advancement of his private fortunes, though in no corrupt way. He heard betimes, for instance, of the projected Avenue of the Empress, and bought up the ramshackle properties on the line of route, to re-sell at enormous profit when the time came. One of the vainest of men, he provided his own statue for his native city. It was a sort of coöperative scheme: the municipality put up the statue, and he put up the money. With all this, he could be a good friend in the hour of need. As everybody knows, he came in very handy indeed when the Empress had to escape from the Tuileries during the disasters of the war. Her wretched servants were plundering the palace as she slipped out by a side door.

But this was all to come; and what a time it was when the "crowned heads of Europe" were dropping in for the ex-

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE. FROM A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE GIRAUD. THIS COUSIN OF THE EMPEROR WAS A CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN THE SECOND EMPIRE. AT HER "SALONS" WERE FOUND SUCH MEN AS FLAUBERT, TAINE, EDMOND ABOUT, FEUILLET, AND THE YOUNGER DUMAS

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MARIE ROZE AS LUCRETIA BORGIA

hibition one by one, or, as often as not, two at a time. The Czar and the King of Prussia overlapped in this way. The Prussians had thoughtfully sent one of their biggest guns to the show, and I daresay it found its way back a second time, for use, when Paris lay at the mercy of the German siege artillery on the adjacent heights. The thrifty invaders might have saved money by warehousing it for their return. The fun was fast and furious. One of my recollections is of a grand dinner given by Emile de Girardin to the correspondents of the foreign papers, Whitehouse of the *Daily Telegraph* among them. He was a "feature" in his solemn affectations, a kind of Malvolio without the badge of the starched ruff, but never wanting in the austere regard of control. He seemed to be on the most confidential terms with the Emperor, and when he told us that His Majesty had driven out yesterday and enjoyed his dinner on his return, we were able to feel well-informed. In the office, I believe, he was cherished as a model for touch by young lions in the 'prentice stage.

Marie Roze, then in the plenitude of her beauty and charm, sang to us—a never-to-be-forgotten night.

And, for the public scene, Schneider, if you please, and Thérèse, not to speak of "La belle Ernestine," shepherdess and innkeeper at Etretat, then in course of discovery by Alphonse Karr. How focus it, except as a Cubist study in confusions, with no focus at all? Seen in this perspective of years, it reminds one of those compositions in the confectioners' shops—pigmies of sugar footing it with much confidence on an earth-crust of the same.

On this second visit, I lived for awhile in the Batignolles. For me there is something classic in the simple and wholesome freedom of that district from all the affectations of style. It is for quite humble, if not exactly vulgar, peo-

HORTENSE SCHNEIDER IN THE RÔLE OF THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GÉROLSTEIN

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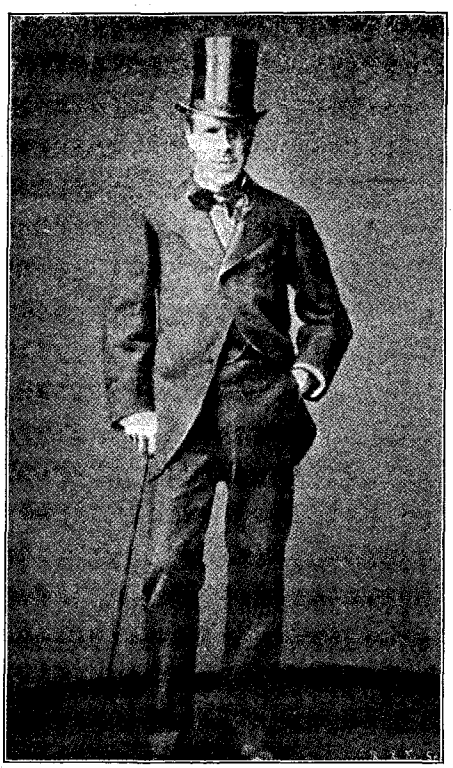
ple—little employees eking out a modest wage, third-rate actors playing in third-rate pieces, in a theatre to match. The man who cobbles your shoes in the daytime may at night be a nobleman of drama, with a small speaking part. It is, or at any rate was then, intimate, familiar, a bit dirty, but snug, though at smug it drew the line. It had little back gardens, not without trees, in lieu of a stony *cour;* little ball-rooms in which you entered free, and paid a *sou* every time you danced; little restaurants where you dined at fabulously moderate prices on the understanding of no questions asked as to origins. Its people were a vast family, with little civilities, or at times little quarrels for their family tie. They could not be indifferent: that is all. The *loge* of the *concierge* was the clearing-house for the news of the whole quarter.

I used to buy my paper of an old lady



COQUELIN THE YOUNGER IN 1867

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN 1867

who kept a small stationer's shop, and who was occasionally assisted by a young one who kept the books. Quiet, and soft-spoken, this one, and timid, till she came to know you well; then a chatterbox of the gentler sort. She got her living, such as it was, by giving lessons in something or other, taking her wages at the stationer's in the run of all the literature, periodical and other, of the stock-in-trade.

At rare intervals she gave a select tea-party in the garden of her modest lodging hard by, and devoured her own refreshments in a way that suggested short commons as her normal fare.

I lost sight of her when I lost sight of Paris, which happened for that occasion when I was recalled at the close of the exhibition. This led to my missing the siege and the Commune as things seen—a great loss. But one day, long after my return, while toying with a French paper in a *café* in Soho, I read her name. She was bracketed with the most notorious of the *pétroleuses* who

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helped to set the city on fire when the insurgents reached their last ditch in the graveyard of Montmartre. Most of them were caught black-handed, and fell under the rifles or the bayonets of the soldiery without distinction of sex. In regard to this one, the paper could only express a pious hope that, if still at large, she might soon have her appropriate reward.

I never heard of her again.

Many as gentle as she went mad under the privations of the siege and the excitement of the insurrection, and whether dead or alive, when it was all over, vanished into an obscurity equal to the night of the grave. The latter would have made shorter work of it for one so sorely tried. She craved for affection as a birthright, and life had not been "nice" to her in that respect. I never could understand why it was not: she was so happily endowed with likeable faults. "Why did you make me hate you?" might have been the catchword of her swan's song.

Presently I removed to the Latin Quarter, for a change; and other episodes of the same interesting quality were not wanting. The hotel was a hotch-potch of students, and foreigners more or less of that standing, from all parts of the world. One of these—a young German, in looks a sort of St. Michael, blue-eyed and blond-haired as with a nimbus—was disabled by a swelling on the knee, due, I should say, to his perambulations of the city in search of omniscience. He was in his *Wanderjahre,* and was in rather sore straits. A French lad, from one of the hospitals, immediately took him in charge as doctor and nurse, and looked after him like a brother. Where his own knowledge threatened to be at fault, he pestered his professors in daily consultation, till he pulled his patient through. I have often wondered whether they afterward encountered as conscripts at Gravelotte or Sedan. It would have been only an additional touch of the colour of life.

But this, again, was for the future; and the point is that, splendours or miseries, good hap or bad, they were all, in some curious way, part of the revel. The revel was at its best one beautiful day toward the end of June when, as I noticed the Emperor returning from a drive, sat bunched up in his carriage as with sheer worry. The news had come that his puppet Maxmilian had fallen under the rifles of Mexican rebels, with the whole military power of France unable to lift a hand to save him. It was the death-knell of his *prestige.* With that, and earlier blunders, no wonder! Think of trying to govern a quick-witted people as he began to govern the French in mid-nineteenth century. It made for ridicule. "I'll go to hell with anybody," roared the skipper, as he kicked the incompetent steersman from the tiller; "but I don't want to go looking foolish." A Napoleon with a blacking-brush for a sceptre looked that.

During the 'seventies Richard Whiteing lived alternately in London and Paris, with an occasional foreign mission. One of these missions took him to Russia. The American "Century," then in its beginning, had made a new departure in serial publication, with a "Life of Peter the Great," by Eugene Schuyler, United States Consul at Rome. There was need of material for illustration, and Mr. Whiteing was sent to collect it for the benefit of the Russian and French artists in Paris who, under his direction, were to illustrat the work. The impressions of this journey will be related by Mr. Whiteing in his paper in the September BOOKMAN.

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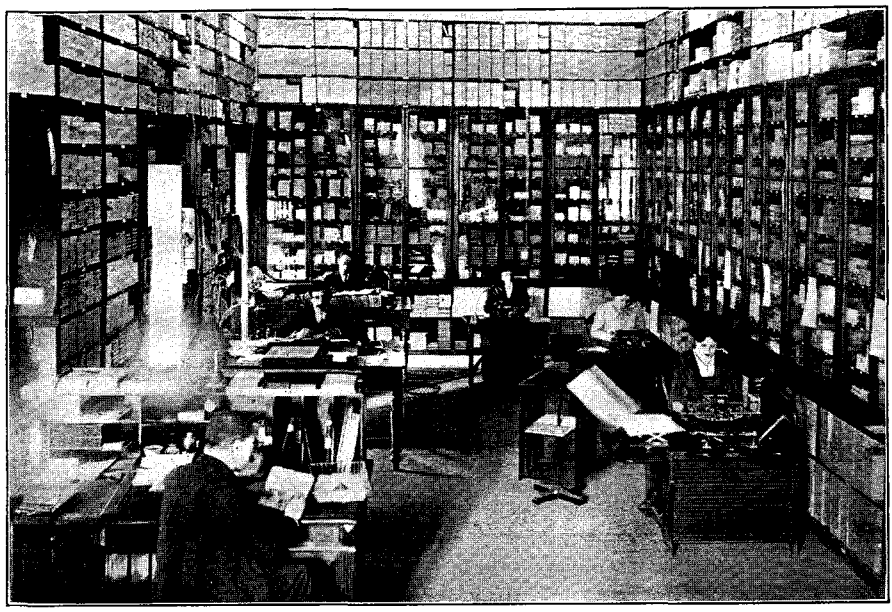

THE INTERIOR OF THE LARGE BUENOS AYRES PUBLISHING HOUSE OF CABARET AND COMPANY

WHAT SOUTH AMERICANS READ

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

III—Novels, Novelists and Novel-Readers

The more one looks into the literature of South America and the conditions under which it evolved and is now being produced, the more one is inclined to wonder that the quantity or quality of the books should be what they are to-day. Not only is the number of readers discouragingly small,—a natural result in view of the large percentage of illiteracy—but the matter of bringing a book before the eyes of that small public is in itself an exceedingly difficult problem. Vergara y Vergara has written that the circle of readers in each Spanish-American nation is smaller in number "than the readers in a single street of London, a square in Paris, or a district in Spain or Italy." While this cannot hold good of the large cities, of course, it is an indication of a most barren literary soil upon which the native writers have indeed cultivated splendid crops.

One of the greatest difficulties which besets the South American author, complains Manuel Ugarte (whose anti-United States utterances have but recently been quieted) is that of finding a publisher. If the writer has already acquired a reputation he may find a publisher abroad, but on the whole, the new writer must pay the cost of his edition. There is also opportunity for state subsidy. It seems a matter of surprise to authors in France and Spain that cities of such importance as Buenos Ayres, Santiago, Montevideo, etc., should not have in their midst more publishers who will enter into competition with the houses in Barcelona and Madrid, where

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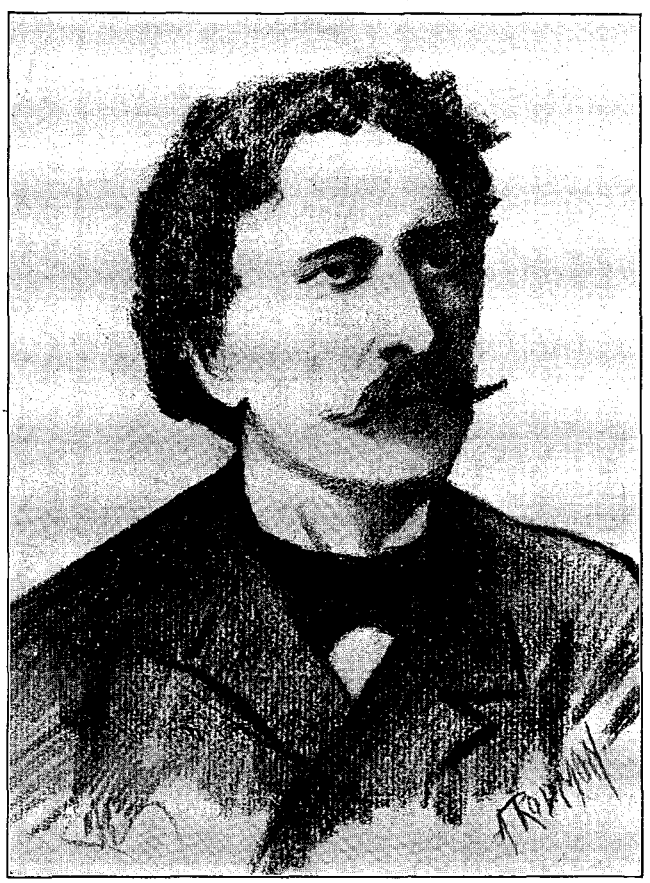
so much of the material that is read in South America is printed. Even in our own United States a great deal of printing is done for our neighbours of the South, mainly in the educational line.

The novel as a well-cultivated genre is but of recent birth in South America. Here and there in the colonial period there were isolated attempts, while later the field was seriously handicapped by the necessity of competing with European writers, especially those of France. Outsiders may perhaps be acquainted with the beautiful idyll *María,* by Jorge Isaacs, or perhaps José Marmol's *Amalia,* which had a great vogue in Europe. But here their knowledge ends, just where the delightful products of South America's novelistic talents begin.

The South American reader, as well as the critic, is apt to place too much stress upon the moral aspect of the story. We of the North might be said, with our relic of Puritanism still strong within us, to stand midway between South America and Europe in this regard. While the more modern views of the Southern continent are not apt to be quite so strict as the Peruvian edict of 1543, which, we are told, prohibited the importation of "novels, tales, romances of chivalry and all other but religious books," a tithe of that spirit still lingers. Critics are quite prone to wander off into the realm of morals rather than



VISCOUNT ALFRED DE TAUNAY, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BRAZILIAN NOVELISTS

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consider the books as literature first. The spirit of nationalism, again, is as strong here as in the domain of poetry. South America, even as the North, is waiting for the "great American novel," and with a pride that is all the more pardonable since we ourselves share a similar phase of it, they expect that the novel will be South American. We do not enter into their aspirations any more than they do into ours.

Indeed, if we are to believe Guglielmo Ferrero, the noted historian, and a corresponding member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, the great American novel arrived some time ago, in the shape of Graça Aranha's *Canaan*. Aranha was born in 1868 and studied law at Pernambuco under the celebrated Brazilian polemist and philosopher Tobias Barreto. As secretary he was sent on a mission to Rome to help regulate differences between Brazil and British Guiana, and continued in the secretarial service, adjusting affairs between his country and Bolivia, also representing Brazil at Christiania. His best known works are the novel acclaimed by Ferrero and a symbolic piece, *Malazarte,* recently presented at Paris.

Canaan has been described as a novel depicting the reciprocal influences at work between the old world and the new—"the Americanisation of Europe and the Europeanisation of America." While it is pretty generally conceded that Ferrero was a bit overenthusiastic when he announced his discovery to the literary world, the judgment is not without a deep significance. While South America has been making the acquaintance of our Poes and Hawthornes, our Longfellows, we have remained oblivious to theirs. Nor is it mere chance that should select Poe and Hawthorne, for the imaginative and mysterious element in our great tale tellers correspond to a quality in the native temperament,—a quality that appears time and again in the work of the home writers.

Brazil possesses an imposing list of authors. If there be anything lacking in this array it is a certain broad variety of subject and treatment to which our own men and women have accustomed us. It is not to be wondered that in surroundings such as the Amazon affords an "Indian" school of literature should have arisen. This Indianism found its highest point, perhaps, in the *Guarany* of José Alencar, which won for its author national reputation and achieved unprecedented success, foreshadowing the era of "best sellers" which at present seems to have reached its highest point in Chile. *Guarany* was set to music by the Brazilian composer, Carlos Gomez, thus spreading the fame of the book into the realms of another art. The book is replete with an intensity of life and charming descriptions that recall the pages of Chateaubriand, and its prose often verges upon poetry in its idealisation of the Indian race. Of the author's other numerous works *Iracema* alone approaches *Guarany* in popularity. The dominant note of the author, afterward much repeated in the literary history of the nation, is the essential goodness and abnegation of the Brazilian character.

Alfred d'Escragnolle Taunay (1843-1899) is one of the most important of Brazil's modern novelists. Born at Rio de Janeiro of noble family he went through a course in letters and science, later engaging in the campaign of Paraguay. He took part in the retreat of la Laguna, an event which he has enshrined in one of the best of his works, first published in French under the title *La Retraite de la Laguna.* He served also as secretary to Count d'Eu, who commanded the Brazilian army, and later occupied various political offices, rising to senator in 1886. His list of works is too numerous to mention in a fragmentary essay of this nature; chief among them stands *Innocencia,* a sister novel, so to speak, of Jorge Isaacs's *Maria. Innocencia,* according to the great Brazilian critic Verissimo, is one of the country's few genuinely original novels. It deals with the vital race

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question (the three chief elements being the native Tupy, the African, and the Portuguese) which has been treated also in Alencar's *Mother,* Macedo's *Victims and Executioners* and Guimarães's *The Story of a Rich Young Woman.*

Everything from Taunay's hands reveals a close communication with nature, an intimate understanding of the psychology of the vast region's inhabitants. His shorter tales, all of them nature pictures, reveal these powers at their best. Now it is a soldier who goes to war only to return, like a military Enoch Arden, and find his sweetheart in another's arms; now it is a clergyman, "the vicar of sorrows" who, in the luxurious environment of his charge suffers the tortures of sensual temptations, with the spirit finally triumphant over the flesh. Whatever of artifice there is in these tales is overcome by the poetic sincerity of the whole. Taunay, too, has been likened to Pierre Loti for his exotic flavour. In "Yerecé a Guaná" we have a miniature *Innocencia.* Yerecé and Alberto Montero fall in love and marry. The latter has been cured at Yerecé's home of swamp fever. The inevitable, however, occurs, and Montero hears the call of civilisation. The marriage is dissolved, according to the usage of the tribe into which Montero has married, by the man alone. He returns to his old life and she dies of grief.

Innocencia has been named, by Mérou (1900) "the best novel written in South America by a South American." Published in 1872, it has been rendered into French twice, once into English, Italian, German, Danish and even Japanese. The scene is laid in the deserted Matto Grosso, a favourite background of the author's. Innocencia is all that her name implies, and dwells secluded with her father, who is a miner, her negress slave Conga, and her Caliban-like dwarf Tico, who loves Innocencia —this Miranda of the desert.

Into Innocencia's life comes the itinerant physician, Cirino do Campos, who is called by her father to cure her of the fever. Cirino is her Ferdinand; they make love in secret, for she is meant by paternal arrangement for a mere brute of a mule-driver, Maneção by name. Innocencia vows herself to Cirino, when the mule-driver comes to enforce his prior claim; the father, bound by his word of honour, takes the latter's part. The tragedy seems foreordained, for Innocencia makes spirited resistance, while Maneção avenges himself by killing the doctor.

Such a bare outline conveys nothing of the mysterious charm and the poetic atmosphere of the original. *Innocencia* is the most beautiful of its type which Brazil has yet produced.

Taunay's *O Encilhamento* is a violent antithesis to the previous novel. Here the politician speaks, forecasting in many respects the novel of finance which but lately held so strong a place in our predilections. In passages of satire which becomes so acrimonious at times as to indicate real personages the wave of speculation that swept Argentine and Brazil is analysed and held up for scorn. The novel is really a piece of historical "muck-raking" and is still the object of resentment in the republic.

Taunay, with that versatility which we have by this time become accustomed to expect, is favourably known not only in the field of history, politics, oratory and soldiery, but also as a composer in the style of Chopin. In Taunay's *Vicar of the Sorrows* we have already met a clergyman who was triumphant over the call of the flesh amidst almost insuperable temptations. In *O Missionario* of Inglez de Sousa we meet with a figure as powerful in effect and more tragic in fate. Antonio de Moraes, a missionary with the "vocation of a martyr and the soul of an apostle," is on duty in the tropics. The voluptuous magnetism of the Amazon seizes his body. Slowly, agonisingly, but surely, he succumbs to the enchantment, overpowered by the life around him. The nature pictures of the tale are vivid in their power and exactness. Moraes represents one of the most tragic figures in the modern novel. It is of some significance that the author

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first presented the story under the pseudonym Luiz Dolzani; the critics, however, find it not only literary, but moral as well. José Verissimo's *Scenes of Amazon Life* represent the most national product besides such works as *O Missionario* and *Innocencia.* The rich style of the author, his local colour, his penetrating psychology, have helped place him with his countrymen at the head of the story-tellers, even as he heads the critics.

Before coming to the better known of the latter-day authors let us revert to a story by Araripe Junior. The author, better known as critic (employing the method of Taine), was born in 1848 at Fortaleza and has been dead but three years. He is responsible for *O Ninho do Beija-flor,* a tale which not only serves to illustrate the combined effect of Goethe and Byron upon the literature of South America, but presents one of the most amusing of the romantic extravagances there written.

Theobaldo loves Alice. She, cruel coquette that she is, tortures the poor fellow into thoughts of suicide, whereupon he indites the following farewell letter to a close friend.

A poisonous insect, Marcus, has stung the flower of my youth, even as with Goethe's Werther. My unhappy mother, in bringing me upon this earth, little thought that she was giving life to a sad victim. The stigma of which Shakespeare writes (here follows a quotation) has overpowered my innermost soul, causing the most tremendous struggle against my reason and understanding. . . . Moral paralysis is the worst torment that can be inflicted upon the wretched mortal that dwells in this vale of tears.

The worst torment, perhaps, except to read morbidly self-conscious farewell letters written by overgrown schoolboys! At any rate the suicide is intercepted just in time, and it turns out that Theobaldo gets his Alice after all, as a reward for saving her from drowning. Critics have found the book childish, which is not surprising, and the story might not have been mentioned here did it not enjoy the unenviable distinction of being one of the worst products of Brazilian romanticism.

As an example of the combined influence of Zola and the great Portuguese writer, Eça de Queiroz, we find in Aluizio Azavedo a naturalism tinged with a fine intellectual irony. Azavedo's *O Homen* (Man) has been compared, for its searching pathological study in hysteria to the masterpiece of Flaubert. In his *Livro de uma Sogra* he advances the thesis that matrimonial happiness is found in the voluntary separation of the couple at certain periods, so that the illusions of the first sexual glamour may ever be retained and renewed. The strong influence of French literature upon the Brazilian writers and critics may be seen from the many comparisons in which the critics indulge. When some of Azavedo's theses are likened to the prefaces of Alexandre Dumas Fils, this is praise indeed. Similar ecomium falls to Affonso Celso, who recalls to his countrymen the tales of Guy de Maupassant and François Coppée. Best known of Celso's work in this line are *Minha Filha* (My Daughter) and *Lupe,* the latter perhaps his best. *My Daughter* is the record of a father to whom his child is his all. It is a book of "dolorous confidences"; the fond parent tries every method known to science in order to cure his daughter of paralysis, but all in vain. As a last resort he turns to the Virgin. In *Lupe* the author analyses with a delicate observation that is characteristic of Brazil's leading writers an entirely natural feminine character. Mérou has found this tale worthy of classification with Henry James's *Daisy Miller.*

Coelho Netto we have already met with as one of Brazil's leading journalists. His crisp, poignant tales reveal the searching eyes of the reporter reenforced by the imagination of the thinker. One of his strongest tales, "The Pigeons," shall have to suffice as a hint of the writer's power. A native *caboclo* (copper-coloured) watches over his dying child. There is an Indian

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superstition that when the pigeons leave their roost ill-luck is in store. Suddenly, as the *caboclo* watches, the pigeons overhead fly away, leaving dread for his child's fate in the Indian's heart. Agonised, he waits for the return of the birds, but they come back too late. Revenge wells up in the bosom of the savage. The pigeons have killed his little one; a parent pigeon shall be made to feel his grief! He seizes two of the young birds.

> Gnashing his teeth he closed his hand upon them, crushing them. Their tender bones cracked like pieces of wood. The blood gushed forth and trickled through the fingers of the closed fist.
>
> Under the impulse of his fury he dashed them to the ground; they flattened out on the earth, as soft as rotten fruit.

Thus is the savage avenged. To add that the tale is remarkable for its local colour and the psychology of superstition is to praise two elements that characterise all worthy Brazilian literature.

A tale of similar power,—one that the South American critics might have found comparable to the manner of Poe —is *The Nurse,* by the great figure, Machado de Assis. A man hires out to a testy old invalid as care-taker in general. The invalid's temper gradually wears upon the assistant's nerves, and yet it may plainly be seen that the sick old fellow has taken a liking to the assistant, despite the missiles which he throws at him in fits of uncontrollable temper. A crisis is inevitable and in a spirit of resentment the care-taker is led to kill his dying charge. But no one has seen, and the assistant makes his escape. Pangs of conscience, fear of detection, and an irresistible desire to revisit the scene of the crime haunt the murderer. Finally the old man's will is made public, and to the horror of the murderer it is found that he is made sole heir! He fears to return. Perhaps this is a trick to catch him. But no, it is truth. He will live and distribute his newly-acquired fortune in pious gifts, thus atoning his deed.

The reputation of the old invalid is not of the best in the tongues of his neighbours. They all agree upon his fiery temper. The assistant himself tells various doctors the symptoms of the old man, and they, too, are unanimous in the opinion that he was destined to die suddenly; some even wondered that he had endured so long. "Perhaps," confesses the care-taker, "I may have voluntarily exaggerated the description which I gave of his divers complaints; but the truth is that he had to die, even if this fatality (referring to his murder) hadn't occurred." Thus the sole heir not only changes his mind about a pious expiation in the form of donations to worthy causes, but convinces himself that it is quite right for him to live in the enjoyment of the wealth: "Happy are those who possess," he ends, "for they shall be consoled." The evolution of the murderer's character from extreme terror at his deed to complacent and even sarcastic enjoyment of his ill-deserved inheritance is traced with a clarity, a power and a convincing note that stamp this tale of universal worth.

Prominent among the younger school of writers is Jose de Madeiros e Albuquerque. Born in 1867, he has devoted himself mainly to education, journalism and politics. He has been Director General of Instruction in Brazil and is an Academician. His novels *Mother Tapuia* and *A Practical Man* were both popular successes. He has made a name also in the drama, and one enthusiastic critic, with the taste for comparisons that we have noted above, speaks of him as being incomparable for his stylistic power, while "nobody has better assimilated the manner of de Maupassant, wrapped in an elusive atmosphere of a new Poe."

The best short story to illustrate the cause of this extravagant praise is "Caboche." Here is an old rheumatic who cannot move from his chair. Next door lives a police official whose past record might well place him in the position of captive rather than captor. The son of the rheumatic is a thug; the daughter

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a courtesan. What should happen but that the next-door neighbour should be the one to arrest the old man's son on a charge of murder. This makes the rheumatic's blood boil. His son to be arrested by a man who should himself be in jail! Revenge! But how avenge himself—he cannot move from his chair!

The mind of the rheumatic soon cooks up a diabolic scheme that is matched in its cunningness only by the success of its details. He calls Bernardo the official in one day. The latter suspects nothing. Bernardo is asked to close the door. He does so, for after all, what harm can an immovable old man do him? Next the old man gives the official a watch, and asks him for a knife. Bernardo is puzzled, but procures the knife. Perhaps the invalid feels death near and wishes to make a confession. At any rate, let his whims be catered to.

Suddenly the old man uncovered his own bosom, and with a rapid motion in the direction of his heart, plunged in the blade with all his strength up to the handle. Not a drop of blood gushed out; the thick iron obstructed the wound. His face convulsed with an expression of excruciating pain: his hanging arms grew rigid.

The officer rushed to the door, opened it, called for help and returned to take the blade out of the wound, seeing if it was yet possible to save the old man. Men and women, excited, ran in shrieking. As they beheld this man with a large knife dripping blood, and then saw the pierced breast of old Felix, the whole populace rushed upon Bernardo, disarmed him and yelled: "Kill him! Kill him!" Bernardo was tossed from one to the other, punched, kicked, clubbed and finally led to the station through a crowd more and more noisy and threatening.

Bernardo is convicted of murder. The old man, by his suicide, had perfected his doubly horrible revenge.

Woman, too, has contributed her share to the development of South American letters, and in the novel and tale Carmen Dolores and Julia Lopes de Almeida stand for a quality of work by no means inferior to the standard maintained by the more numerous writers of the other sex. Carmen Dolores (which is the pseudonym for Emilia Moncorvo Bandeira de Mello) was born in 1852, at Rio de Janeiro. She died in 1910 after achieving a wide reputation in the field of the short story, novel and feuilleton. In addition to these activities this talented spirit made herself favourably known in the press of Rio, São Paulo and Pernambuco. Her career started with the novel *Confession.* Other works are *The Struggle, A Country Drama,* and *Brazilian Legends. The Complex Soul* is a collection of tales from which the following, "The Tears of Aunt Zézé" is taken.

This splendidly written and charmingly conceived tale might well have borne the sub-title "The Tragedy of an Old Maid," were it not for the cruelly humourous connotation that "old maid" bears in a society where the so-called old maid type is fast disappearing. Aunt Zézé has lived for eighteen years with her younger married sister. Neither beautiful in person nor gracious in manner, she has naturally fallen into the household routine and is in fact little more than governess for her sister's children.

Into the house comes a visitor—a poet, with whom Zézé falls in love. Monjardin is older than she, but despite his forty years he has carefully preserved his youth in the shape of a black moustache, vigorous muscles and keen eyes. He has attempted no conquests. He is totally ignorant of the passion he has inspired in the lonely aunt. He promises to write for her a special poem, in honour of her anniversary dinner. She, poor woman, takes this as a sign of favour, and her emotions are further stirred by the embarrassing, yet pleasant banter of the family. "When will the wedding be?" they ask.

Aunt Zézé takes on a new life which shines through even her ugly features. The day of the dinner arrives. What does Monjardin's poem hold in store for

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her? The poor old maid's heart beats with the anticipation of one twenty years younger. The poem will be, without doubt, practically a declaration of love! Will the time for its reading never come? At last the moment! The aunt's ears buzz, her head is reeling. The poem begins.

The object of universal attention, Monjardin prepared his effects: he readjusted his waistcoat, arranged his cuffs, and, in a sonorous, cadenced voice he commenced to declaim his alexandrines, scanning the verse well.

First of all he proclaimed the ineffable virtue, the self-denial, the chastity of the angel who, with her white tutelary wings, watched over the love-nest of her dear friend. He recalled then that the date of this anniversary commemorated the happy birth of a being immaculate in her purity. Marie-José (nicknamed Zézé), a veritable saint who had renounced her own aspirations in order to consecrate herself exclusively to the duties of her sister's family! She, the sweet figure of virgin-mother guardian.

The poem was received with hurrahs for the poet, hurrahs for Zézé. Poor Zézé! She had listened for a note of passion; he had praised her chastity! She longed for a lover; she had found galling flattery! Hardly had the poet begun his verses when the object of their

LUIS ORREGO LUCO, CHILEAN NOVELIST

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perfectly scanning lines became pale. In vain she tried to force herself to thank the poet for his tribute. Her tears were restrained for but a moment, only to burst forth in a torrent that put an end to the jollity of the whole dinner.

If the foregoing is intensely, bitterly ironic, the intensity and the bitterness are carried forward still another degree by the stinging end of the story. Monjardin comes up to the weeping woman.

Lifting delicately the ice-cold fingers of Marie-José, he brought them to the edge of his perfumed moustache and there deposited a kiss of gratitude; then turning toward the daughters of Engracina he said, in a solid, complacent tone, "The tears of Aunt Zézé are the greatest homage rendered to my poor verses."

Julia Lopes de Almeida was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1863. Like Carmen Dolores and most of the best South American writers, she is well known as a journalist of repute. She has received more than one prize in various literary contests, and is the author of several psychological romances, among these *The Madeiros Family, The Intruder* and *The Widow Simões.* Besides these there is a long list of short stories, not to mention her notable successes on the leading theatres of the Brazilian centres. Of the tales "The Roses" is perhaps nearer to what we get in the better American magazines than anything yet given in this article.

A woman has a gruff, ugly gardener, the only reason for his retention being that he knows his business. One night the woman, expecting a bush of roses to come into full bloom the next morning, tells the gardener to be sure and not pluck a single one. That pleasure must be her own. She then retires early, in anticipation of next morning's delight, and awakes only to find the rose-bush plucked bare! Suspecting her gardener she runs to his abode and discovers him worn and haggard as if in deep mental agony. She questions him.

"It was my daughter," said the gardener to me in a voice choked with sobs. "One day she left me to roam the world. This night she came to my door, in tears, because her lover had beaten her.

"Do you understand, madam? I wanted to make her swear that she'd never see the ruffian again, that she'd live with my affection alone—my tenderness! I would have surrounded her with a thousand cares, like a little infant. I made her many promises, on my knees, in tears. Do you know what she answered me. That she loved the other still!

"Then, blind with rage, I killed her. Ah! I killed her, and I'm not sorry for it! As to her, it's better that she's dead than to be beaten by some boor. When she was dead, I saw she was pretty, but, poor girl, she had come back to me naked. I had pity on her, and so that she might appear well dressed before the Virgin, I covered her with roses!"

Although this particular tale is less powerful than the previous ones cited, it is instructive to bethink one's self into what pits of sentimentality the average writer hereabouts would fall with a similar theme in hand.

The leading novelist of Chile, one whose books have sold so extensively and possess such selling vitality to-day as to entitle them to be called "best sellers," is Don Alberto Blest Gana. Gana's art is distinctly, though not narrowly, nationalistic. "He has no rival in his genre!" exclaims Don Pablo Figueroa, "being, as a descriptive writer rivalled only by the fascinating North American, Fenimore Cooper." Blest Gana began his career as a poet and journalist, writing under the rather disconcerting pseudonym *Nadie,* or Nobody. A reading of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* had so powerful an effect upon him that it determined his career as novelist. Gana has served his country in the army and in the diplomatic service at Paris. Both his army experiences and his Parisian residence have given admirable and effective pages to his engaging stories, which excel in their delicacy, their novel conception and a captivating style.

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One should not be misled by the Chilean critic's comparison of Blest Gana with Fenimore Cooper. This is but one aspect of the author's popular works. The first published (and first written) novel of Gana's was *The Payment of Debts,* which appeared in the *Revista del Pacífico* (The Pacific Review). *Martin Rivas, Arithmetic in Love, During the Conquest,* and *The Transplanted* are a few of the titles of the better known novels.

Arithmetic in Love was written in competition with others for a prize offered by the University of Chile. It was the successful novel, which, by the

JORGE ISAACS, AUTHOR OF "MARIA." INK SKETCH FROM AN OLD PRINT, BY A. RODMAN

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requirements of the contest, had to be concerned either with national history or national customs. In making the award the judges said, in part:

> The author of the novel *Arithmetic in Love* has written his work not only to make purely literary pictures, but also to evolve an idea. What he wished to reproduce, making it at the same time odious, is the unbridled egotism which in so many people smothers all sense of honour, which obliterates the voice of conscience, which justifies in their eyes any means at all which shall bring them riches and power, which makes poverty a crime more horrible than infamy, which converts arithmetical calculation into a rule of life.

It is interesting to note that the tone of the award is as distinctly moral as the author is national. That this type of criticism is not confined to Brazil may be seen from the words of Diego Barros Arana. "The novelist," avers this critic—and his views may well be taken to represent the public with whom he was so popular—"has a mission higher than that of mere diversion, mere rousing of curiosity, maintaining the reader's interest . . . he must in addition study his characters, observe human passions, develop them with care and skill. The novel must teach at the same time that it amuses . . ."

Martin Rivas is a study in real life in Chile, but the characters are such as to offend neither "moral nor poetic laws." The plot is of a type quite familiar to North American readers. A young revolutionary spirit loves a proud daughter of the upper class. He is loved also by another. Despite the difference in social rank, a man-made artifice which nature does not recognise, love gradually blossoms between the patrician and plebeian. But Martin, the humble lover, is in danger of prosecution for revolutionary activities, and is saved only through the sacrifice of the other woman, who purchases his release by marrying the official in whose custody Martin had been given.

Martin Rivas is the most popular of Blest Gana's novels. His effects are achieved with an easy simplicity, a skill at colour and rapid narration. Although he does not make himself a slave to history, he is true, in spirit, to the times which the tale depicts. *During the Conquest* is more purely than the preceding a historical novel, and need not detain us here. Suffice to say that it occupies a high place in the esteem of Chile's readers, and that Chile's strong point, so to speak, from a literary standpoint is history.

The Transplanted is an admirable study in the snobbish ambitions of a family that leaves South America and goes to Paris, hoping to break into society. To this end nothing is spared; the family even attempts to hide all trace of their foreign origin. The progress, or retrogression, of the Spaniards in their attempt is traced with the utmost nicety of sarcasm and satire. The Canalejas family are so madly bitten with their society ambitions that they sacrifice one of the daughters to a "marriage of convenience" and are but mildly perturbed at the report of her suicide on her honeymoon. The book has been called "the Oddysey, at once comic and tragic, of all those Spanish-Americans who pursue the phantom of nobility and *bon ton* in midst of the decayed aristocracy of France." The very plot itself breathes such a patriotism as only a nationalist of Blest Gana's type could feel in far-off Paris, with the types he was creating under his very eyes.

Space does not permit the mention of many other of the South American writers, but a few more should be included. Don Vicente Grez is among the best novelists and art critics which Chile has produced. Like all of the leading writers he is an intense nationalist. From his many writings we select, as being suggestive of more advanced feministic thought, *A Wife's Ideal*. A wife discovers, after the birth of a sickly son, that her husband is untrue to her. The husband, learning that his wife knows all, tries for a reconciliation, but she, determined to live for her son alone,

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scorns the untrue spouse. The latter, sinking lower and lower into his dissipated life, returns only when his son is dead. There is a quarrel over the poor child's body. After the burial the wife refuses to go back to the husband, although we are given to understand that her father will bring about a reunion on his death-bed. Such, at least, is that personage's only hope for a reconciliation between his daughter and son-in-law. It was not a matter of pleasure on the part of some of the critics to find that Grez, in the naturalist style, had painted certain scenes with too great detail and too high colour. Grez, too, is apt to be hasty and incorrect, but these vices cannot rob his novels of popularity.

Luis Orrego Luco may, in certain respects, be called the Pérez Galdós of Chile. Like Galdós in Spain, so here in the new world Luco has written a series of *National Episodes of Chilean Independence;* more or less a prose epic, with a connecting plot to lend added interest. Upon the appearance of this work the critic, Gonzalo Bulnes, hailed it as a necessity in the nation's literature. Luco has not attempted to be minutely true to history, any more than has Blest Gana in *Martin Rivas,* yet in a fluid style and elegant language he reproduces the atmosphere of the stirring days of 1810. Minor historical inaccuracies which bothered some of the critics need cause us no concern here.

Luco's *Un Idilio Nuevo* (A New Ideal) is a study in love passion, centred in Santiago, where the author is always at home in depicting the various elements that make up metropolitan society. The book recounts a struggle between love and money, in which the latter comes out victorious. Not only this, but in a struggle between love and honour, the former again loses. Luco, no doubt, attempted a faithful transcription of twentieth century city life as he saw it, but his outcome was not "moral," hence a good deal of carping from certain quarters that would be considered somewhat superfluous in a literary centre like New York.

In considering the production of novels and tales in the countries of South America which represent the highest development of those genres for the Spanish and Portuguese languages, we find no really distinctive features as compared with our own,—that is, speaking in essentials. One might at first reading consider the themes and the backgrounds of the actions somewhat limited, yet this is no serious drawback when we remember that Thomas Hardy has his Wessex, Bennet his Five Towns, Eden Phillpotts his Dartmoor. The same tendency is becoming quite well established in our own country. If anything, we here have too many novels, too many short stories, and are distinctly lacking in tales such as that of Machado de Assis, Carmen Dolores, Madeiros e Albuquerque and others here given. Literature has not yet become fully commercialised in South America. This is not stated either as an advantage or a disadvantage, but merely as an observation which, under the circumstances, may carry its own moral.

In closing this series on "What South Americans Read" it is but fair to say that the papers could not hope to be exhaustive. But if they have succeeded in conveying to a part of our large world of readers a mere hint of the great literary activity going on in a continent which we have hitherto neglected, both commercially and intellectually, they have helped clear the road for a mutual understanding between peoples who at a date not distant shall know each other better. And such closer acquaintance will undoubtedly redound to the advantage of both continents.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"OPEN MARKET"

Open Market, by Josephine Daskam Bacon, would be a better book if it did not attempt to do quite so many things at once. In spite of this, it has some good material in it. The heroine, Evelyn Jaffray, is handicapped in much the same way as Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart, by too little money and too many family traditions. In fact, when the rich old aunt, to whose whims she has long been a slave, at last dies, Evelyn discovers that the riches she has expected have been willed elsewhere and that aside from a few hundred dollars she must live by her wits. She will not ask for charity from her relatives, she has never had a practical education to fit her for real work,—and if she had had, the whole clan of "Bleecks and Schermers and Jays and Stuyvers" would rise up in protest. Marriage seems her one chance, and sheer luck throws a strange opportunity in her way. As a temporary makeshift, she recklessly spends the whole of her scanty resources upon a resplendent outfit of new garments, conveys an impression that somehow or other she has come into a fortune, and promptly is besieged with invitations from a host of friends for visits of various lengths, thus solving the problem of living for the coming summer. Presently, while at a summer camp in the northern woods, she hears a strange tale of a young man but little older than herself, with the frame of a giant and the helplessness of a child, for he suffers from some obscure spinal trouble, and has spent all his life exiled in the woods, seeing no one, except a few rough lumbermen and an old French priest, who loves him as a son. But the strange part of the tale is that this man's father, a mysterious person, now dead, left his son an old necklace, unaware of its value. By sheer chance, this necklace is seen by James Vrooman, the family lawyer of the Bleecks and the rest of the clan; and, becoming interested, he investigates and finds that it is an heirloom famous for generations throughout Europe and worth something more than a million dollars. The lawyer, having a genuine affection for Evelyn and knowing her difficulties, tells her confidentially of her opportunity. Here is a big, simple, helpless man, knowing nothing of life or of the outside world, and dreaming vague dreams of lands that he has dared not hope to see. With his newly found fortune, he might go anywhere, if he only had a devoted companion with a woman's patience and ingenuity. Why, asks the lawyer, should not Evelyn marry the man? And Evelyn, looking the future fearlessly in the face, and realising that she is entering upon a new form of slavery, herself makes the proposal to the cripple. There follows a strange wedding, and a still stranger journey, full of disheartening obstacles, for this huge, helpless giant must be somehow conveyed many miles along narrow trails, before the railway can be reached; and then Evelyn's troubles have only just be-

*Open Market. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Contrary Mary. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

Diantha. By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. New York: The Century Company.

The House of Merriles. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Sundown Slim. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Hand of Peril. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Daybreak. By Elizabeth Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

On Desert Altars. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's.

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gun, for the man she has married is quite uncouth, unshaven and dressed in the coarse and shabby garments of a lumberman; his speech is uncultured, his table manners are painful, his whole contrast to Evelyn's fastidious daintiness is painfully grotesque. But she has made her bargain, and with infinite patience and indomitable will she proceeds to carry it through. How, under her wise guidance, the big qualities dormant in the man awaken and eventually the uncouth woodsman is replaced by a cultured gentleman, is too long a story to repeat here. It is a modern version of the old, old tale of Beauty and the Beast, and it has the same time-honoured happy ending, with the Beast throwing off his ugly, crippled form and emerging young and stalwart and handsome. The magic cure of the hero's diseased spine with its attendant details, is not told in a wholly convincing manner; his father's mixed ancestry, his connection with Portuguese nobility, and the strange history of the priceless necklace are sheer melodrama, and the misunderstandings which keep husband and wife apart for long months after his complete recovery seem invented solely to prolong the story. Yet the fact remains that there is something about the book that makes you like it,—something especially in the study of Evelyn Jaffray's nature that makes her worth remembering.

"CONTRARY MARY"

Contrary Mary, by Temple Bailey, is an agreeable little story, the chief blemish of which is that its one central mystery turns out to have been somewhat of a Much Ado about Nothing. When her sister's marriage leaves Mary Ballard without a companion to share the double anxiety of a scanty income and a dissipated young brother, she refuses to take the advice of her rich aunt and sell the family home, and with equal firmness she refuses to marry Porter Bigelow, an excellent fellow in his way, who could and would have taken good care of her. Instead, she keeps the house, secures another aunt, as poor as herself, as a chaperon, and advertises for a lodger. This is how it happens that Roger Poole, with an interesting face and unknown antecedents, arrives upon the scene. He is a gloomy, disappointed man, who darkly hints that he is a failure, with broken faith and lost ambition. Of course, we foresee that Mary is just young enough and impressionable enough to fall promptly in love with the stranger. But instead of sharing the author's obvious admiration for his hero, we are rather inclined to feel some sympathy for the attitude of Mary's friends toward him and to question whether after all she would not have done better to accept Porter Bigelow, even though he were a rather prosaic, hard-headed business man. And then, presently, some one out of Poole's past life comes upon the scene and it turns out that his life tragedy, which is supposed to have left him a broken man, is simply a somewhat sordid and commonplace ill-mated marriage. Poole had been a clergyman in a Southern town, and almost at the outset of his career had had a wife forced upon him by a scheming mother, who pretended that he had compromised the girl. Poole never had cared for her, and later, when her conduct caused a scandal, a divorce naturally followed. That his usefulness in the pulpit in that particular town would be impaired can be understood. But that his escape from an unloved and unfaithful wife should make him resign from the ministry, lose faith and courage, and slink off into seclusion, hiding his past life like a criminal, shows a fundamental weakness that alienates sympathy. In the end Mary overrides her family's advice and marries Poole. The author seems to think she has made a man of him, but we have our doubts.

"DIANTHA"

Diantha, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is a welcome variation of the familiar type of story based upon the marvellous similarity of twins. Diantha, it

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is true, and her twin sister Sylvia, were in early childhood so alike that their own mother could tell them apart only by the aid of pink and blue ribbons. But all of a sudden a surprising change took place: Sylvia continued to develop out of the prettiness of childhood into a tall, slim young thing, with a wonderful complexion and the early promise of rare beauty. Diantha, instead of following suit, grew fat and sluggish and colourless; and no one guessed the bitterness of her secret revolts, the futile longing and envy, as she watched her sister, selfish, arrogant, thoroughly spoiled, usurp the centre of the stage, and claim by rights the best of everything which the modest family resources could supply, while she, Diantha, was either ignored, or tolerantly referred to as "good old Di." Hardest of all was to see the men flock around her sister, while not one of them ever had a word or a look for her. Only Conrad Livingston, whom she might have loved, made a friend of her and poured into her patient ear his own hopeless passion for Sylvia. But at last came a great event in Diantha's life: the long absent next-door neighbour, Mark Wendell the explorer, returned home from a Polar expedition, and by some whim of fate he and Diantha became acquainted. Wendell was a confirmed woman-hater, he owned frankly, and when Diantha wanted him to meet her sister, he refused brusquely, hinting that he had already suffered enough and that he knew Sylvia's type too well. Meanwhile Sylvia, whose interest in men is solely that of conquest, becomes aware that "good old Di" seems to have made an impression on the next-door neighbour, whereupon she promptly starts in to cut her out, with the result that presently word comes that Mark Wendell has gone off on another exploring trip, apparently mistrusting the strength of his own resolutions against marriage. Diantha, unaware that it is she and not Sylvia whom he is temporarily avoiding, loses her grip on life; and presently, after a serious operation and tedious convalescence, she struggles back unwillingly from the brink of the grave, to discover that a miracle has taken place. Since childhood, she has suffered without knowing it, from certain organic troubles which have made all the physical difference between her and her twin. Illness has robbed her of her disfiguring flesh; and although her hair has during these few weeks bleached to snowy white, her youthful slimness, and the recovered bloom of her complexion give her a beauty which quite eclipses that of Sylvia's best days,—and Sylvia, after years of hard social campaigning, is already beginning to fade. As a love story, this book is a trifle too obvious; but as a study of the temperamental effect of recovered beauty on a woman who has suffered a long martyrdom of conscious insignificance, it presents one of the most interesting pieces of psychological analysis that have been issued in many months. Diantha's regeneration, through the power of conscious beauty, her assertion of her rights in her own home, her deliberate usurpation of Sylvia's place, not vindictively, but with the calmness of one asserting her legal rights,—all this is delightfully ironic, and ruthlessly true. If the author has ever attained these heights in her previous volumes, the present reviewer has unfortunately missed them.

"THE HOUSE OF MERRILES"

It is more than a decade since Mr. Archibald Marshall wrote *The House of Merriles*. But since at that time few Americans had ever heard of the author, now well known for such sterling volumes as *Exton Manor* and *The Eldest Son*, it is not surprising that this early work has remained practically unknown, Consequently, Mr. Marshall's numerous admirers in this country will probably welcome this new American edition of a story interesting in itself and doubly so because of the strong contrast it offers to his more recent volumes, both in theme and treatment. *The House of Merriles* is frankly a mystery story of the Wilkie Collins type. Imagine a young man, placed in the strange posi-

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tion of George Greenfield, living with a woman who has taught him to believe that she is his mother, yet has forbidden him ever to ask any questions about his father. There is a mysterious man, known as Martin, who at long intervals calls upon them, pays over sums of money the source of which he refuses to explain, and interferes with their family affairs in a way that George resents as unbearable impudence from a stranger. Later, George goes to Cambridge, distinguishes himself by brilliant work, and then studies for the Bar. But even now, as a grown man, and with full knowledge of his legal rights, he cannot wring from Martin any information as to his parentage, or how much money his father left him. The man's obstinacy is astounding, and George is prevented from taking legal steps because of his mother's obvious frantic fear at the mere suggestion. Meanwhile, another thread of the story has been steadily expounded. A certain old nobleman, who for twenty-five years has lived a secluded life on an island in the middle of a private lake, suddenly dies; and when his nephew and heir-at-law goes to take possession, he discovers some remarkable facts: first, the dead uncle's body has vanished quite as utterly as have the head butler and his young assistant; secondly, that of all his well known vast fortune, only a few thousand pounds remain in his bank, the rest having been gradually converted, through a period of fifteen years, into one of the most famous collections of jewels in the world,—and these jewels, kept in a special safe, have also vanished. To attempt to follow any further the diabolical ingenuity of these much tangled threads would be to defeat the author's purpose by a premature revelation. But it may at least be said that much the cleverest feature of the story is the way in which two characters apparently so remote from each other as George Greenfield and the dead nobleman are little by little brought into connection until it suddenly dawns upon the reader that George is the keystone to the whole structure.

"SUNDOWN SLIM"

Beloved Vagabonds of all sorts and conditions have grown so numerous of late that the term is becoming somewhat shopworn. But in *Sundown Slim,* Mr. Henry Herbert Knibbs has given us an absolutely new variety of the type. One doubts whether it is possible to give at second hand any adequate idea of the compelling attraction of this queer, lank, ungainly figure,—just a professional tramp, cast adrift by fate, and wandering aimlessly until chance anchors him temporarily as assistant cook on a cattle ranch in southern Arizona. And because, somewhere in his heart, unguessed by himself there is a dormant longing for home and wife and children, Sundown Slim quite unexpectedly takes root and stays on, winning a few staunch friends, the worshipful devotion of a big dog, as lank and ungainly as himself, whose life Slim saved by tireless nursing, and lastly, the heart of Anita, a little Mexican girl, who is taken by storm by the amazing and towering height of her incomparable *caballero.* The plot is of the thinnest, just a tissue of episodes, lightly bound together by the mere association of time and place, and varying considerably in merit. But through them all one can see the slow-moving figure of Sundown, with his long arms swinging loosely, his tireless feet plodding patiently, and his big, warm nature thinking kindly thoughts of the world at large. Looking at life through the honest eyes of Sundown Slim, it suddenly seems a rather simple thing to find the key to human happiness.

"THE HAND OF PERIL"

The reason that you can't help liking Mr. Arthur Stringer's detective stories is that there are no half-way measures about him. He is not afraid of exaggeration; he has learned the trick of disarming the invidious charge of impossibility by keeping his dare-devils achieving the impossible all the time, in a rising crescendo of audacity. "You don't believe that Kestner, or Wilsnach or Morello, could have done this or that?"

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he seems to say, "but I have just told you that they did! Keep a close watch on them, for that was nothing at all to what they are going to do next." In his latest volume, *The Hand of Peril,* we are let into the inside history of the world's greatest counterfeiting scheme, to be carried out on a gigantic scale. It is an international scheme, and therefore properly enacted in an international setting, the scene shifting with photoplay abruptness from the Paris boulevards to obscure Sicilian cellars, from ocean liners to New York slums. It is in Paris that Wilsnach and Kestner of the Secret Service first discuss their unverified suspicions that those two notorious criminals, Lambert and Morello, are at the bottom of a new issue of paper currency, English, French, German, American, all of high denominations, and of a perfection of detail that baffles even bank experts. And furthermore, they suspect that old Lambert's daughter, Maura, is the skilled hand whose wonderful art produces the perfect plates from which the notes are struck. But from suspicion to proof is a long stride especially when a Secret Service man handicaps himself by falling in love with the chief object of his pursuit. As already intimated, the story is worth reading, if you like the type, and unlike most detective stories it is not too long drawn out.

"DAYBREAK"

Elizabeth Miller has added, in *Daybreak,* one more volume to her small list of careful and vivid historical novels. The present story opens in the picturesque setting of the plains before Granada, with the Spanish army, stimulated by the personal presence of both Ferdinand and Isabella, waging a successful siege of the Saracens' most treasured stronghold. Christopher Columbus, Garcilaso de la Vega, and other famous historical figures play leading parts, while two of the most important historical events of the fifteenth century, the fall of Granada and the discovery of America, furnish the author with material for some of her most spectacular pages. The immediate and personal side of the narrative, however, deals with the rescue of a noble young Spaniard from a Moorish prison, by a beautiful young girl, who is masquerading as a page, in order to convey certain information which will defeat the plan of the king's secretary to extort a vast sum of money from the Jews. It was not from love of the Jews that Antonia da Aragon ran this serious risk, but because she had learned that this money was needed by the king for her dower, on the occasion of her approaching marriage to the Conde de Lorin of Navarre, arranged for state purposes,—and Antonia's Spanish pride could not accept a dower from such a humiliating source. The king's secretary, thwarted in his plan, and furiously bent upon taking vengeance upon the daring page who conveyed the message, leaves no stone unturned to identify him, but is thwarted by just two or three men who pierced Antonia's disguise, and from the several motives of loyalty, chivalry and love, throw the enemy off the track. But the secretary has his suspicions, and being vindictive and all powerful soon brings Antonia and her rescued knight under the very shadow of the Inquisition. It is a well wrought story, full of warmth and colour, and well sustained in interest. It comes opportunely at a time when the historical novel is somewhat unfairly neglected.

"ON DESERT ALTARS"

The problem propounded by Norma Lorimer in her new volume, *On Desert Altars,* is simply whether, under exceptional circumstances, a wife's infidelity may be not only pardonable but even heroic. The theme is by no means a novel one; it has been treated under all sorts of conditions, and perhaps it reached its greatest height in Maeterlinck's *Mona Vanna,* in which the heroine is moved to consent to the sacrifice through the all compelling dictates of patriotism. Miss Lorimer's specific case offers no such exalted justification, and the vital weakness of the book is that she does not seem to realise that her hero-

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ine's whole line of action is based on sheer selfishness and a blunted sense of right and wrong. Alice Lindsay, the wife in question, living in England, learns that her husband, a civil engineer temporarily employed in Africa, is ill and will soon die if he cannot be removed to a safer climate. There is a wealthy Jew who has previously made advances to Alice, which she rejected with the indignation they deserved. But now, full of fear for her husband, she goes to the Jew and accepts his terms, making, however, certain conditions, which he is decent enough to accept, namely, that his visits shall cease immediately upon her husband's return. The whole affair is rather sordid and unconvincing. It seems preposterous that the husband should never have a suspicion that the feeble, swarthy, curly-haired child, born in due course, may not be his, until he overhears a conversation between his wife and the real father that leaves no room for a merciful doubt. Naturally, he turns both mother and child out of the house; and she, feeling herself a cruelly misunderstood woman, returns to Tunis, because she has learned that it is the present home of a young Englishman with unconventional ideas, with whom in former years she had almost been persuaded to throw in her lot, without benefit of clergy, a blunder from which she was saved by the man she afterwards married. Even now her blunted moral sense fails to see why she is unwise to live under the same roof with this former admirer and his present openly acknowledged mistress. Naturally, when the vacillating husband makes up his mind that he is in the wrong and his wife a noble and deeply wronged woman, the situation that he finds upon arriving in Tunis is calculated to arouse new suspicions, and the most incredible part of a rather consistently preposterous book is their final reconciliation. There is a topsy-turvy morality about the whole volume that seems to call for fumigation.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Countess Zanardi Landi's "The Secret of an Empress"*

It is interesting to compare this book with *The Secret of Louis Philippe,* reviewed some months ago by The Bookman. Each author has led, but for her secret inheritance and the quest for it, a colourless and almost humdrum existence; each hears on all sides comments upon her surprising likeness to the royal house; each encounters insufferable obstacles and the destruction of indispensable papers in seeking to establish her identity. Unlike Maria-Stella, the former claimant, however, Countess Zanardi Landi reveals a simple and pleasing personality—nun-like in singleness of interest and in devotion to her mother's memory.

She says she was brought up away from the Austrian Court because the Empress Elizabeth, having offered up three children as sacrifices to the soul-and-mind stifling etiquette of the royal household, determined that one of the family should fare better; and that the Emperor now refuses to receive her because she menaces court traditions.

A short while after she was born in Normandy, in 1882, she was born again in Vienna—having been introduced into the family of a Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser as their infant, for whose birth, indeed, poor Mrs. Kaiser enacted quite a little comedy. She remembers a tall, beautiful lady who used to come to see her and to whom Mrs. Kaiser would make

*The Secret of An Empress. By Countess Zanardi Landi. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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a very profound bow. When she was six she went to stay with this lady a short time in a hunting-lodge, and later was installed with attendants in a household of her own. At the age of nine she overheard that her mysterious and adored visitor was the Empress and her mother. During her early life in seclusion she suffered some hardships at the hands of an unfeeling governess and cook, but when she was placed in the care of Frau von Kriese, a Danish gentlewoman, her life became happier, though she was kept constantly at her books. At fifteen, in order that she should comprehend how the other half lives, she had to spend several hours daily in a public sewing-school, where there were some girls of even the poorest class. Her only interest in life apart from her mother and her governess arose from a little love episode which died as its first sigh trembled into air, not before it caused her many misgivings that she had been false to the destiny her mother was reserving for her. This, her mother told her, was approaching, and the Emperor had begun to arrange for her introduction at Court. But she was now informed that her father, whom she had never seen, suddenly made an objection to her broad-minded education and feared it would have a bad effect on the Court. Her mother said she had been approached by the Jesuits with an offer of aid if she would support the privileges they were claiming in Hungary, and also would send her daughter to a convent for three years. The Empress had threatened to appeal to Hungary against this gathering opposition. But within a month she was assassinated. The daughter went, stunned and bewildered, to live with the Kaisers until her governess should return from Denmark; but Frau von Kriese died there. When she recovered from this second blow, the girl wished to get in touch with her relatives. It was then that Mrs. Kaiser informed her, with some callousness the girl thought, that she was illegitimate and that she must keep quiet for her mother's sake. Obliged to remain in the eyes of the world a Miss Kaiser, she now found herself under the closest espionage. Two years after, Mr. Kaiser died and she perceived that both Mrs. Kaiser and her daughter regarded her as a nuisance. Her enemies had succeeded in appropriating the authentic documents of her origin and now, when Mrs. Kaiser as their tool married her off into a middle-class official family, they furnished her with a false identity. Her husband told her that his career was assured if only she renounced her schemes. He speculated with the money her mother had left her and, through the machinations of her enemies at Court, lost all. They emigrated to Canada, where he, grown brutal, at last deserted her. She supported herself and her two children, and had put by her hopes until the gentleman whom she afterward married showed her she should not renounce her children's rights. She finally gained access to her aunt, Queen Maria-Sophia of Naples, but their growing intimacy was frustrated by the Court. The lawyer to whom she later entrusted her case was also constrained to back out. An Italian version of her case was confiscated by the government just as it came from the press, and a French version was suppressed for forty thousand francs. As a German publication was impossible, she decided to make her appeal in English.

This uneventful if unusual story is narrated in a well-bred and reticent way. Aside from the situation iself, its chief interest to the reader lies in the opinions it expresses. She discusses her mother's character quite freely. The eccentricities imputed to her are due to a lack of understanding, and some of them can doubtless be laid to her surreptitious visits to her daughter. She was a very noble and original woman. Of Ludwig of Bavaria, her mother told her that his soul was as pure as his body was beautiful, and that Bismarck intrigued to have him declared mad. Her mother's story of his tragic end differs much

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from all the other versions, she admits. Nevertheless, she is convinced of its truth, and that the Crown Prine Rudolph was murdered because of the reforms he was planning—the account of which and of other complications in which he figured she had from her mother's own lips. Scarcely less interesting, though from another point of view, are her opinions of the untitled dramatis personnæ. Mr. Kaiser was really a very worthy man in spite of an insupportably irritable temper. Mrs. Kaiser had no depth of character, and little tact and discernment; between herself and her husband there were uncomfortable relations. Her foster-sister was worldly and commonplace.

That the claim put forward in the *Secret of an Empress* rests, as did the similar claim in *The Secret of Louis Philippe,* on evidence less substantial than was to have been expected—is perhaps of small importance. It cannot be an easy matter to get oneself acknowledged Crown Princess, and authentic documents are unfortunately very often destroyed by interested persons with large machinery at their disposal. Far more significant is it that the claim which these ladies present is daily paralleled in all ranks of society. This sort of family romance is eternal and universal. Bith the reader and writer of this review have formulated theirs, though doubtless it was still more lacking in detail which would convince a court of inquiry. Even the most unimaginative child utilises a chance meeting or resemblance or name to weave a romance more or less elaborate by which he replaces his parents with others of higher rank.

Roger McIntyre.

II

Basanta Koomar Roy's "Rabindranath Tagore"*

In America we discover the great poets and writers of the East in an extremely haphazard and adventurous manner. A Fitzgerald or a Burton will suddenly rescue from the obscurity of the Orient some flaming figure whom we promptly weave into our life and thought untroubled by the knowledge that even greater men wait an interpreter in vain. England, in spite of its Oriental possessions and its alien scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, has remained quite blind to the literary gods of its great Empire, while we have only absorbed a part of what England has chanced upon.

That Rabindranath Tagore has become so astonishingly familiar a name to the English speaking world is due primarily to the fact that he was given the Nobel Prize a year and a half ago. He might have written thrice the scores of volumes of dramas, poems, essays and novels he has produced, and not one of us would have heard of him if he had not gained that extraordinary advertisement. In addition he has the good fortune to be his own interpreter in the English tongue, and though Mr. Roy has recorded that Tagore as a boy burst into roars of laughter when English verse was read to him for the first time and for long refused to study it, the smooth and sensuous beauty of his prose is one of the most astonishing things about the volumes that have appeared in this country.

The need of a biography of Tagore was obvious, and this spring two have appeared, one a scholarly work by Ernest Rheis, and the other by Basanta Koomar Roy, a young Indian who is personally acquainted with Tagore and who has studied and lectured for some years in his country. Mr. Roy's work is agreeably and pleasantly written, and is well within the scope of the average reader's interest in the matter. The book is not in the least pedantic, and is really a narrative study of Tagore's ancestry, his youth, education and achievements. The fact that the author is an Indian himself gives his work a peculiar charm, since he has taken for granted many things in Indian civilisation that

*Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry. By Basanta Koomar Roy. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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an Occidental would have spent laborious pages in translating. Even the slightly stilted and ornamental English into which Mr. Roy falls at times has the merit of bringing a smile where none was intended, an unconscious form of humour that is all too rare, although before the end of the book one becomes a little tired of his constant reminders of his idol's overwhelming superiority, as if he were a minor god. In a biography the tendency to eulogise to such an extreme is usually associated with a subject who has been dead for some time, since a dead hero assumes legendary virtues. But the author seems to forget that Tagore is still very much alive and that he has a son who wears American collars and who has studied agriculture in Illinois, a fact that makes Tagore none the less great but which at least removes him from the sphere of divinity.

For a westerner whose conception of Indian civilisation is founded, as is the case with most of us, on Rudyard Kipling, the greatest value of the biography is likely to lie in the impression that it gives of the manner of life in an educated and wealthy Indian family. In the pages that deal with the education of young Tagore and the evolution of his ideas, one cannot escape some relisation of the constant hidden conflict in India between the two civilisations, for apparently there is accumulating in India a slow revolt against the attempt to modify their ancient customs. The easterner is beginning to awaken to a consciousness of his own inherited virtues and to a distrust of the material success of his conqueror in his dealings with him.

Tagore himself instinctively rebelled against the English schools into which he was thrust, and though he was an ardent student, refused to submit to the rigidity of their systems. His hatred of the educational system that England is implanting in India has so far remained with him, that one of his many activities of late years has been the development of an ideal school, which yearly turns out a number of brilliant young men who are certain to become influential in moulding whatever future India choses for herself. Some of the most interesting chapters in the biography refer to Tagore's attitude toward Indian nationality and to the position of women in Oriental civilisation. He does not admit the cool assumption of the Occident that the women of the East are plunged in darkness and oppression; in fact he finds their lot happier than that of European women, who, while they may have more freedom, have purchased it at the expense of a feverish and restless existence.

Mr. Roy has given many intimate descriptions of Tagore's life, some of which unconsciously reveal the quality of the poet's mind. Until Tagore was ten years old, the boy's father, who was universally known in India as Maharshi (great sage), left him severely alone, and then suddenly becoming aware of the extraordinary quality of the youthful poet's mind, for Tagore had been writing verse for four years, went alone with him to the Himalayas to train him in the school of nature. On the long evening ride to the mountain bungalow, the boy stubbornly closed his eyes all the way, so that he might get his first glimpse of the peaks under the rising sun, a childish trick that touches one more than pages of adulation and rhetoric. In the months spent in the mountains Tagore roamed about as he pleased, for the sole restriction that his father placed on him was that he should not bathe in the swift and icy streams. Here he read nearly every important work written in Bengali, and also learned Sanscrit, English, botany and astronomy, besides his constant production of poetry and his studies in what Mr. Roy naïvely calls "lessons in responsibility."

After a year spent in London trying to fathom the intricacies of the English legal mind, Tagore returned on his own account to his beloved Bengali, and at the age of sixteen started in earnest on his career as a poet and writer. Love

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songs, religious poems, plays and novels were produced with amazing rapidity, and he soon came to assume a leadership in the artistic renaissance that seems to be sweeping over parts of India.

The story of Tagore's life, as Mr. Roy tells it, is like that of almost every great genius, the youthful precocity, the unremitting revolt against alien and established conventions and institutions, and above all the sudden birth of an exalted idealism which remained with him throughout his life. The value of this biography to an American reader lies not only in the satisfaction of a natural curiosity as to the life of one of the greatest men of to-day, but also in the glimpse that it gives of an ancient civilisation that in spite of its domination by a western power is still profoundly conscious of its own individuality. Mr. Roy's own philosophy is modeled after that of Tagore, and he interprets him to us better than could an Occidental. The faults in his work are not due to any lack of sympathy or understanding, but rather to his untempered enthusiasm and to his use of an alien tongue.

Harrison Smith.

III

Gilbert Parker's "The World in the Crucible"*

Books dealing with the European war continue to increase and multiply. It would be natural to conclude that the subject had already been viewed from every possible angle. Yet in *The World in the Crucible* Sir Gilbert Parker has given us what is on the whole the best statement of the causes which led to the conflict and the issues involved in it. Both the causes and the issues have been misunderstood, although they are not hard to understand. The purely historical method will not take us very far in this case. The rise of Prussia, the decline of Austria, the downfall of the Second Empire, the creation of Imperial Germany, the growth of German commerce, the expansion of German colonial and naval ambitions—these things alone do not explain why an intelligent and not unkindly people have suddenly become little better than savages, have cast off the restraints of civilisation and become a peril to the rest of the human race. The problem is psychological rather than historical. Sir Gilbert Parker gives the facts, he analyses the diplomatic preface to the outbreak, he deals with the questions of policy involved in the victory of either side. But in a sense this is subsidiary to his main purpose. What he has done most effectively, what he has chiefly contributed, is a portrayal of the racial traits, mental and moral, which have made Germany a *lusus historiæ,* a paranoiac among nations.

Let us first briefly consider the matter from the historical aspect. There is no longer any question of the responsibility of the German Government for the beginning of hostilities. All the available documents in the case prove that, The German Empire was the child of one war and by another its dominion was to be increased. This belief might be described as the chief postulate of all modern German political thought. It is true that Bismarck was too shrewd a statesman to lay undue stress upon it. Perhaps he really felt that it was better for the Empire to consolidate what it had than to go in search of new adventures. At all events, he was too practical, not to say too cynical, to indulge in insubstantial visions which experience might fade. The Emperor who dispensed with his services so quickly has found it more easy to believe what he wished to believe, to read the facts in the light of a vivid imagination. We do not quite agree with Sir Gilbert Parker as to the degree of Wilhelm's guilt in regard to this war, in spite of the coincidence between his return from Norway and the stiffening in the attitude of the German Chancellor. There are good reasons for believing that in this instance, at least, he was a follower,

*The World in the Crucible. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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not a leader, of the military party. It is at least possible that when the choice was put before him he would have chosen peace if he could. Yet he cannot be absolved from the charge of having broken away from the sounder policy of Bismarck, of having rattled the sword in the scabbard too often, of having confided too implicitly in a diplomacy it would be complimentary to call both trifling and unscrupulous. All the available documents make it plain that in July of last year Germany definitely made up her mind that the long-awaited time for war had come. They speak for themselves without explanation or interpretation. Nevertheless, the collation of all the facts which Sir Gilbert Parker has undertaken is of great interest and value.

It is asking too much of human credulity to contend that Austria intended or expected that her demands should be accepted by Serbia. When Serbia proved surprisingly tractable, when the plot which Austria began to hatch as long ago as 1909 was apparently frustrated, there was a moment of hesitation at Vienna, of shrinking from an enterprise which might be fatally perilous. Is it conceivable that without German promptings that enterprise would have been carried out? The sufficient answer to such a question is that at the very moment when Austria was showing a willingness to discuss the matter with Russia, to come to an agreement which would give her an excuse to withdraw, Germany, impatient lest the psychological moment should pass, gave Russia just twelve hours to abandon the mobilisation of her troops. Germany, as Herr von Jagow admitted, could not afford to wait. And this is the nation that says England began the war! Sir Gilber Parker's account of Sir Edward Grey's patient and persistent efforts, in the face of every discouragement, to preserve peace is a convincing answer to this assertion. Yet the German perversion of the truth, the German hatred of England, is easly understood. It was the British Empire which Germany chiefly wished to see demolished. Russia and France were to be disposed of first; then the way to crush England would be open. She believed that England would refuse to fight, that she would accept dishonourable proposals in the hope of placating so powerful an antagonist, that her neutrality could be secured by intimidation or purchase. She was undoubtedly amazed as well as angry when England's entrance into the conflict shattered her plans for an easy conquest. That is the real meaning of "Gott strafe England" and all the rest of the lying and venomous abuse.

One chapter in this volume, that dealing with the attitude of the German Government toward the United States, is peculiarly illuminating at the present time. There is no question as to what the defeat of the Allies would mean for us. "Gott strafe Amerika" has become almost as common a saying as the other. Germany has long looked across the ocean with envious eyes. She would establish herself in the West Indies; she would colonise in South America, if she had the opportunity. In the eyes of German statesmen the Monroe Doctrine is an impertinence. It marks another bound to German ambition. At Samoa and again at Manila Germany flouted us as openly as she dared. From the beginning of the war she has encroached upon our neutrality and disdained our rights. Should the blonde beast devour the Old World would not his maw still have capacity for the New?

But the historical aspect of the causes which produced the war is less important, as has been intimated, than the psychological. It would perhaps be impossible, as a German professor has pointed out, for anyone not a German to understand a German. The past year has shown how wholly the German conception of life differs from any other. In this conception, war is the mainstay of national existence, peace but the contributory element. Kultur, the product of a race of supermen, the fine flower of efficiency, is a new way of life for all the world, into which it must be made

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to enter by force. It is the apotheosis of materialism. This conception has always influenced German character and destiny. Sir Gilbert Parker points out that all through its history the Germanic race has failed to establish an empire upon firm foundations. It could conquer but it could not govern. Its incapacity is revealed in its modern colonial enterprises. It cannot wisely adapt itself to conditions; the conditions must adapt themselves to it. Probably no German yet realises why the menace of war has knit the loosely woven British Empire into an enduring fabric. The case can be no better put than Sir Gilbert Parker puts it:

"In every department of influence and activity, wherein political judgment is necessary to accommodate varying factors in the national organism, the German people are unfortunate in their acts and lacking in vision and understanding. With a somewhat fatal gift of logic and speculative thought, and a rare faculty for methodical research, they have little instinct for discovery and small initiative. Lacking in true discernment their values are distorted by an egotism which leads them to believe that motives cannot be seen; that the most elementary perception is denied to those whom they oppose, or whom they would control, influence, use or govern."

In other words, they have the naïveté as well as the brutality of the savage. That is perhaps the chief reason why their code of political morals has no association for them with their code of domestic morals; why they are once the most vindictive and the most sentimental of peoples; why to want a thing with them is to have the right to take it. The world has long emerged from that primitive state; it is not likely to revert to it. For, after all, in the final event mankind is governed by righteousness and justice.

Edward Fuller.

IV

Dr. Otto Rank's "The Myth of the Birth of the Hero—A Psychological Interpretation of Mythology"*

On the reviewer's desk lies a translation of a fascinating monograph by Dr. Otto Rank. It is called *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero—A Psychological Interpretation of Mythology.* It accounts for the astounding similarity of such myths on the hypothesis that the myth-makers have credited the hero with their own childhood fantasies. Wishing to be a hero itself, the folk-mind invests the hero with the first heroic act of universal childhood—the revolt in fantasy against the father, and the replacement by the little rebel of both parents for more illustrious and romantic ones. All the myths of heroes reveal the endeavour to get rid of the parents, and the hero overcomes many obstacles to re-possess his own. This hostile attitude of the hero toward his parentage concerns especially the father—in the case of a heroine, it would doubtless more concern the mother. That imaginative faculty which in the childhood of races invested heroes with miraculous birth or rearing, is in our day found in its active unchecked exuberance only in childhood. All our lives each one of us is finding how in one respect or another we have failed to grow up; how, though in most ways mature, we have left open a little secret avenue by which we may escape from reality. Each of us treasures, less or more openly, his secret of an empress—even though he has not been brought up by Mrs. Kaiser.

Graham Berry.

*The Myth of the Birth of the Hero. By Dr. Otto Rank. New York: The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company.

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WASHINGTON IRVING'S MEXICO

A LOST FRAGMENT

BY JOSEPH F. TAYLOR

PIERRE M. IRVING, in his *Life and Letters of Washington Irving,* records the fact that in December, 1838, Irving was engaged in writing the *History of the Conquest of Mexico.* He came to New York City to consult some books on the subject and was engaged in the City Library (as it was commonly designated, though its official title was the New York Society Library), when he was accosted by Mr. Jos. G. Coggswell, the eminent scholar, afterward connected with the Astor Library, who informed him, for the first time, that Prescott, who had a few months before gained a proud name on both sides of the Atlantic by his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella,* now had in contemplation the same subject upon which Irving had not only commenced but had done considerable work. Mr. Coggswell first sounded Irving on behalf of Prescott, to know what subject he was occupied upon, as Prescott did not wish to conflict with him in the choice of subject. Irving asked: "Is Mr. Prescott engaged upon an American subject?" "He is," was the reply. "What is it, is it the Conquest of Mexico?" again asked Irving. "It is," answered Coggswell. "Well then," said Irving, "I, too, am engaged upon that subject, but tell Mr. Prescott I abandon it to him and I am happy to have this opportunity of testifying my high esteem for his talents, and my sense of the very courteous manner in which he has spoken of myself and my writings in his *Ferdinand and Isabella,* though they interfered with a part of the subject of his history."

In a subsequent conversation, Irving learned from Mr. Coggswell that his original statement was not altogether correct; that Prescott had not actually begun the work but had merely collected material for it. He did not, however, revoke what he had said, but threw by his pen and gave up the task upon which he had been occupied in the autumn and winter. It was not, however, without a pang that he surrendered so glorious a theme, and the author records the facts that some time afterward when reading over what he had written, in a moment of disappointment, he destroyed the manuscript.

In a private letter written at Madrid, March 24, 1844, Irving said: "I doubt whether Mr. Prescott was aware of the extent of the sacrifice I made. This was a favourite subject which had delighted my imagination ever since I was a boy. I had brought home books from Spain to aid me in it and looked upon it as the pendant to my *Columbus.* When I gave it up to him, I, in a manner, gave him my bread, for I depended upon the profit of it to recruit my waning finances. I had no other subject on hand to supply its place. I was dismounted from my *cheval de bataille* and have never been completely mounted since. Had I accomplished that work, my whole pecuniary situation would have been altered. When I made the sacrifice it was not with a view to compliments or thanks, but from a warm and sudden impulse. I am not sorry for having made it. Mr. Prescott has justified the opinion I expressed at the time, that he would treat the subject with more close and ample research than probably I should do, and would produce a work more worthy of the theme. He has produced a work that does honour to himself and country and I wish him the full enjoyment of his laurels.

"The plan I had intended to pursue

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was different from that which he has adopted. I should not have had any preliminary dissertation on the history, civilisation, and so forth, of the natives, as I find such dissertations hurried over, if not skipped entirely, by a great class of readers, who are eager for narrative and action. I should have carried on the reader with the discoverers and conquerors, letting the newly explored countries break upon him as it did upon them; describing objects, places, customs, as they awakened curiosity and interest, and required to be explained for the conduct of the story. The reader should first have an idea of the superior civilisation of the people from the great buildings and temples of stone and lime that brightened along the coast, and 'shone like silver.' He should have had vague accounts of Mexico from the people on the seaboard; from the messengers of Montezuma. His interest concerning it should have increased as he went on, deriving ideas of its grandeur, power, riches, and so forth, from the Tlascalans, and so forth. Every step, as he accompanied the conquerors on their march, would have been a step developing some striking fact, yet the distance would still have been full of magnificent mystery. He should next have seen Mexico from the mountains, far below him, shining with its vast edifices, its glassy lakes, its far-stretching causeways, its sunny plain, surrounded by snow-topped volcanoes. Still it would have been vague in its magnificence. At length he should have marched in with the conquerors, full of curiosity and wonder, on every side beholding objects of novelty, indicating a mighty people, distinct in manners, arts, and civilisation from all the races of the Old World. During the residence in the capital, all these matters would have been fully described and explained in connection with the incidents of the story. In this way the reader, like the conquerors, would have become gradually acquainted with Mexico and the Mexicans; and by the time the conquest was achieved, he would have been familiar with the country, without having been detained by long dissertations, so repulsive to the more indolent class of readers.

"My intention also was to study the different characters of the *dramatis personæ,* so as to bring them out in strong relief, and to have kept them, as much as possible, in view throughout the work. It is surprising how quickly distinctive characteristics may be caught from a few incidental words in old documents, letters, and so forth, and how the development of them and the putting them in action gives life and reality to a narrative. Most of the traits that give individuality to Columbus, in my biography of him, were gathered from slightly mentioned facts in his journals, letters, and so forth, which had remained almost unnoticed by former writers on the subject."

At this time Irving's expenses were heavy and numerous drains were made upon his purse by needy relatives. Considering the fact that Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* ran in ten editions in England in sixteen years and twenty-three in the United States, during the same period, one can realise the generous sacrifice that the older author made. Irving is doubtless correct in his statement that Prescott was able to treat the subject with more close and ample research, for Prescott was a man of wealth and able to collect costly materials, spend ample time in research and even employ secretaries to aid him, while Irving was not wealthy and would not have been in a position to go to this expense. As a matter of fact, Prescott and Irving probably both started their work at almost the same time, for in his preface to the *History of the Conquest of Mexico,* Prescott speaks of having started his *History of Mexico* in 1838, at which time he made application to the President of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid for permission to get data relating to Mexico and Peru, and in his preface to the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* he states: "It was not till I had become master of my

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He had toiled one day in his field and during the noontide heat reposed himself under the shade of a palm tree by the side of a fountain. ~~While he was sleeping an enormous eagle~~ ~~He had scarce~~ Scarcely had he fallen asleep when he was ~~an~~ awakened by a rushing sound in the air and looking up beheld a huge eagle ~~stooping~~ hovering over him. The enormous bird ~~swoop sleep swoop~~ swooped down and seizing him in his talons, but without doing him injury, bore ~~him~~ him aloft far above the tops of the ~~forests~~ trees, ~~and sailing with him~~ until his little hut, and grove and field of maize ~~faded~~ demonished to a mere speck in the vast landscape. He continued sailing over forests, lakes and rocks, until he soared away into the bosom of the mountains. Here the eagle ~~do~~ mounted to the face of a great precipice overhung with trees and alighted at the entrance of a spacious cavern. It lay open to the south ~~south~~, and looked over a vast ~~extent~~ the valley of Mexico the great lake shining in the midst & the city ~~of country, to the distant city of Mexico and of Mexico~~ a mere dark island in the waters

FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING CHAPTER OF WASHINGTON IRVING'S "HISTORY OF MEXICO"

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rich collection of materials that I was acquainted with the fact that I had unconsciously been taking up ground which Irving was preparing to occupy, and had he persevered in his design I should unhesitatingly have abandoned my own, if not from courtesy, at least from policy; for, though armed with the weapons of Achilles, this could give me no hope of success in a competition with Achilles himself."

Doubtless through oversight, all of Irving's manuscript was not destroyed, and recently there has come to light a most interesting fragment which probably formed a part of the introductory chapter of his history. It is as follows:

At the time when the kingdom of Mexico was about to be invaded by strangers and the downfall of the throne of its Indian monarchs was at hand, strange portents were seen in the heavens and the earth, but none which surpasses the following, attested too by many Spanish historians of gravity and veracity to be for a moment doubted.

There lived near the foot of the mountains which encircle the great plains of Mexico an Indian of the name of Itztupulcan. He was a simple and virtuous man, his drink was the water of the brook, and his food the maize of his fields and the fruit of his groves.

He had toiled one day in his fields and during the noontide heat reposed himself under the shade of a palm tree by the side of a fountain. Scarcely had he fallen asleep when he was awakened by a rushing sound in the air and looking up, beheld a huge eagle hovering over him. The enormous bird swooped down and seizing him in his talons, but without doing him injury, bore him aloft far above the tops of the trees, until his little hut and grove and field of maize diminished to a mere speck in the lost landscape. He continued sailing over forests, lakes, and rocks, until he soared away into the bosom of the mountains. Here the eagle mounted to the face of a great precipice overhung with trees and alighted at the entrance of a spacious cavern. It lay open to the south, and looked over the vast valley of Mexico, the great lake shining, in the midst the city, a mere dark expanse on the water. The eagle paused at the entrance of the cavern and waving his wings, exclaimed with a human voice, "Behold, O Almighty Sovereign! I have done what thou hast commanded me." Itztupulcan looked round but beheld no one to whom the words were addressed. The mouth of the cavern was hung with weeds and vines that almost shut out the light of the day. A voice resounded from within,—"Advance Itztupulcan, favored of Heaven, advance and behold the mystery of the sleeper." The knees of the Indian smote together and he obeyed trembling. As he advanced, a light beamed up from the interior of the cavern and he beheld its walls shining with veins of gold and sparkling with precious stones. A light vapour floated in the air filling the cave with a spicy and pleasant odour. On turning an angle of the rock, he beheld before him a man fast asleep, reclining on a bed of flowers and oderiferous herbs. He was clad in royal robes and in his hand he held, instead of a sceptre, a reed filled with aromatic *pebete* which flamed like a torch, and illumined the whole cavern, sweetening the air with its fragrance. But while the sleeper lay thus buried in balmy slumber, a huge and terrible serpent, whose scaly folds were coiled round the rocks, hung over him with fiery eyes and forked tongue, ready to dart upon his prey.

The voice resounded again. "Itztupulcan, favoured of Heaven, knowest thou the sleeper before thee?"

The Indian looked again and great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. "Verily," said he, "if I were not deep in the midst of the mountains, I would say that this is the person of my Lord, the King Montezuma."

"Even so," replied the voice. "And thus he is sunk in luxury and forgetfulness, so deep is he steeped in sensuality, that he has lost all sense of feeling. Wouldst thou know the truth of this, take the reed which he holds burning in his hand and put it to his thigh, and thou wilt see that his very senses are benumbed."

The Indian hesitated to obey, for he was filled with the reverence which the Mexi-

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cans entertain for the persons of their kings, and he feared to approach the hideous serpent. But the voice exclaimed again, "Advance, fear not, but do as I bid thee, for I am greater than Montezuma and can shield thee from all harm; fear nothing but my displeasure."

Then Itztupulcan put forth his trembling hand, and took the flaming reed from the loose grasp of the sleeper, and applied it to his thigh, but the king moved not, nor did he show any sign of pain.

"Behold," said the voice, "even thus is it with Montezuma; he sees not, he hears not, he feels not the dangers that are around him. Hasten then to awaken him; tell him the time is come when he must atone for his pride and tyranny; that ruin is impending over him, and the downfall of his empire is at hand."

Scarcely had the voice uttered these words when the eagle again seized Itztupulcan in his talons and bearing him out of the cavern soared away with him over forests and cliffs, and deep dark valleys, until poising himself for a moment in the air he descended swiftly to the earth and left him by the fountain under the palm tree near his humble cabin.

Itztupulcan now hastened to the city of Mexico; he presented himself at the portal of Montezuma, who was in one of his palaces of pleasure built in the midst of the lake. It was guarded by the youthful nobles, sumptuously attired in gold and jewels and feathers of a thousand gorgeous dyes. Scarcely could he gain admittance to Montezuma, who was surrounded by his wives, and sunk in voluptuousness. When Itztupulcan recounted the wonderful sight he had witnessed in the mountain the king was filled with indignation, for he looked upon it as an idle tale, and he was wearied with the evil portents that were daily announced to him. He seized a javelin and would have struck the bearer of ill tidings, but a thrilling pain in his thigh arrested his hand, and looking to the place, he found the mark of the flaming torch which had been applied to his effigy, the sleeper on the mountain. Consternation now seized upon all present. The king in his terror ordered that Itztupulcan should be seized and sacrificed as an offering to appease the gods, but he had already fled from the palace, his cabin was searched but remained vacant, nor was it ever known what became of him, but it is supposed he was borne away by the same power that had made this revelation to him, and that he passed the remainder of his days in some peaceful retreat of the mountains far beyond the reach of the ills that soon overwhelmed his unhappy country.

CHLOE

BY W. F. McCALEB

THERE are nor words nor fancies
To say the things that dare
Stir in my soul at thinking
How fair she is—how fair!

Nor is there muse or minstrel
Her praises can repeat—
But I, oh, I'll go singing
How sweet she is—how sweet!

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THE POPULARITY OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

SERIOUS critical opinion is fairly well agreed as to the general qualities that distinguish the confessedly popular stories of Gene Stratton-Porter, who in private life is Mrs. Charles Darwin Porter. She has a certain specialised knowledge of the fauna and flora of her own home section of the State of Indiana; she has a gift for vivid and at times over-florid landscape painting in words; and she uses these talents as backgrounds for innocuous and rather thin narratives, usually much too long drawn out, which one unsympathetic reviewer has labelled the "sugar cookie" brand. All of which, while fairly accurate, quite fails to account for the rather large audience that Mrs. Porter undoubtedly reaches.

If we are to solve the problem at all, it is necessary to examine somewhat closer the nature of Mrs. Porter's literary interests. Her earliest writings were not fiction, but articles embodying her own patient and prolonged observations of wild life, in meadow, swamp and woodland; and her two most ambitious books are *Moths of the Limberlost* and *Music of the Wild,* the latter divided into three parts, "The Chorus of the Forest," "Songs of the Fields," and "The Music of the Marsh." No one can read these volumes without realising that minute nature study is, with this author, not so much a fad as a fanaticism, and the scientific value of her labours is largely discounted by the open and unabashed self-satisfaction of her style. Even more plainly can her foibles and shortcomings be seen in *The Song of the Cardinal,* her first attempt at anything approaching fiction,—although, in spite of the introduction of two or three human beings, it is really the story of a pair of Cardinal birds, and distinctly, albeit unconsciously, of the nature-faking sort. The author expressly states that all her facts are the result of three years' patient watching, from a hiding place in a tangle of sweet-briar and blackberry vines, of a certain nest, in which the drama of the tale was enacted; yet she lets her imagination constantly translate the actions of these birds into human emotions, such as they could not possibly have had, and at times her imagery is unconsciously grotesque, as when she tells us that the female bird "blushed with embarrassment to a colour even brighter than her natural red." Incidentally, she anathematises the brutality of man considered as a species, and glorifies the other works of the Creator with all the ardour if not the quality of the great Psalmist.

It is necessary to dwell upon these characteristics in discussing Gene Stratton-Porter's claim to consideration as a novelist, because it has been generally conceded that their interest lies, not in the story, but in the background and atmosphere, in the sense of outdoor life and sunshine and the sheer jubilant joy of living. In point of fact, she does achieve these effects, even though at times she inclines toward verboseness and redundancy, and there is a cloying sweetness in her nature worship that puts a matter-of-fact reader somewhat out of patience. And in this respect her books are all precisely alike, for she has a single talent of rather limited range,—and so the reader who liked *Freckles* can safely count upon getting pretty much the same sort of placid entertainment from *The Harvester* or *Laddie* or *The Girl of the Limberlost.* As for the author's plot sense, the kindest thing to say about it is that it has remained in a rudimentary state. She does not seem

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to realise that her over-sentimentalised characters act for the most part in a manner half way between melodrama and a grown-up fairy tale. Take, for instance, *The Girl of the Limberlost,* which is probably the least convincing of her books. Here, in Elnora Comstock we have the only child of a widowed mother who treats her with a systematic and vindictive cruelty more improbable even than that meted out to poor little Cinderella of the old nursery tale. Yet although no fairy godmother appears on the scene, fate nevertheless takes a kindly hand in straightening out her troubles, so that, penniless and without friends, she accomplishes the miracle of clothing and educating herself in spite of all the obstacles her mother can put in the way. And after we have racked our brains through several hundred pages for an adequate reason for such unnatural motherhood, we learn that the girl's father was drowned years ago in the swamp lying almost at the door of their cabin, and that because the hour of his death happened to coincide with that of his daughter's birth, the mother always held her to be responsible for her own inability to save him. People act that way in melodrama, and a certain type of audience loves them for it. But in real life a normal human being does not live for the sole purpose of taking a slow revenge upon an innocent child, while an abnormal one would not be cured by the belated discovery that the dead husband was unworthy of her love.

Yet, even though we recognise that Mrs. Porter sees life through convex mirrors and distorting lenses, making her good people incrediby good and her wicked people superlatively bad, the fact remains that she has a rather big audience and has no difficulty in holding it. And the reason seems to be a twofold one. In the first place, there is more sentimentality in the world than is generally admitted; and secondly, it is human nature to enjoy by proxy many things which would be a sad bore if we had to do them ourselves. Forty years ago thousands of readers spent happy hours in the company of "Adirondack" Murray, whipping the streams for elusive trout and gloating over the marvellous weight of his captures,—and as likely as not half of these readers never had a rod in their hands and never meant to. In the same way, it is rather pleasant to return to nature vicariously through the pages of Mrs. Porter's stories, explore the woodlands and swamps quite safely, with no danger of getting our clothing soiled or our shoes muddy, picnic on the grass, untroubled by crawling ants or persistent mosquitoes, and persuade ourselves that the Music of the Wild is very near to our hearts, when as a matter of fact if the canary sings too loudly, we usually put a handkerchief over its cage.

This, then, is the real secret of the appeal of *Freckles* and its numerous successors. Their author does have the faculty of making us hear the birds and smell the flowers and watch the shifting seasons and the alternating sunshine and rain. She is sincere in her passionate love of the outdoors, and because that sort of sincerity is contagious, she does for the time being trick us into imagining that we too would revel in just that sort of a life and that all the pageantry of city streets is not worth one apple-tree in bloom, or the feathery wings of one of those huge, slumberous moths that make the month of June in the Limberlost a memorable epoch. The effect that she gets may be transitory, but she certainly does get it, in spite of some crudeness and affectation and over luxuriance of style.

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A THACKERAY PORTFOLIO

COLLECTED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR"—CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES—CONCERNING THE MULLIGAN—THE "NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO"—AMELIA—THE WEIMAR OF HIS YOUTH—AN APPEAL TO LONGFELLOW

OF all the papers in the "English Humourists" series the one on Dean Swift caused the most comment and started the most controversy. To Thackeray the end of Swift seemed like an empire falling. He pictured him alone, and gibbering in the darkness, save when Stella's sweet face smiled upon him. There is one line in the essay which the reader can never quite forget. It is that line about "only a woman's hair." The pathos of it must have been long lingering in Thackeray's mind, for long years before the "English Humourists" was planned we find him writing, from Kensington, under the date of May 23, 1847, to Abraham Hayward, the first reviewer to recognise the greatness of *Vanity Fair:*

O, most kind Hayward! Why do you go for to say that I thought the words "Only a woman's hair" indicated heartlessness? I said I thought them the most affecting words I ever heard, indicating the truest passion, love and remorse. I said, though Swift announced himself in that letter to Bolingbroke as an Ambitionist, and took to the road and robbed—I say that your article just read is a most kind, handsome, and gentlemanlike one, and I'm glad to think I have such good friends and generous backers in this fight, where all isn't generosity and good friendship and fair play. Amongst the company I see that Lord D——— was present; how Lady D——— must have been surprised! But the truth is that lectures won't do. They were all friends, and a packed house; though, to be sure, it goes to a man's heart to find amongst his friends such men as you and Kinglake and Venables, Higgins, Rawlinson, Carlyle, Ashburton and Hallam, Milman, Macaulay, Wilberforce looking on kindly. Excuse egotism, which means thanks in this instance.

Always gratefully yours, dear Hayward,
W. M. THACKERAY.

Thackeray was not over-complimentary in what he wrote about the people of the United States or the French. But it was in Ireland more than anywhere else that he was resented. He first hurt Hibernian sensibilities by the publication of *Catherine* that rather formless and mediocre novel of his days as a hack writer. When Dr. McCosh, later to be president of Princeton College, from 1868 until 1888, was called to a chair in an Irish university he wrote a satirical poem purporting to express the indignation of a young Irish student at the appointment.

I think all your Queen's universities bosh
And if you've no native professor to tayche me
I scorn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh.

Thackeray always disavowed any intentional hostility toward the inhabitants of the Green Island. "Good God! One-half of what I love best in the world is Irish." He referred to the little wife of the brief two or three years, the wife who survived him so long and finished her existence in an asylum in the west of England. Here is a letter written in 1850 in which he expressed himself on the Irish question:

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WHERE THACKERAY AND THE WIFE WHO SURVIVED HIM SO LONG LIVED IN PARIS JUST AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES

To the Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."

Sir.—I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked, "Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers." "Be-dad, it's capers I mane!" the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger remarked; and instantly apologised in the handsomest terms to his English antagonist for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks; the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers and an Irish member of Parliament in his place in the Rotunda, have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish papers sent to me by friends, and one of them, who is most active in my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent upon cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself. It is these, while it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal to-morrow morning, you may possibly be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in *Fraser's Magazine,* called Catherine, and founded upon the history of the murderous Catherine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste then prevalent for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal, and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so

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atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horridly immoral. While the public went on reading the works which I had intended to ridicule, "Catherine" was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the last number of the story of Pendennis (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers — Bluebeard, George Barnwell, Catherine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends—meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Mrs. Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady, now acting at Her Majesty's Theatre. I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it was, with quite a different person; and never for a single instant, I declare on my word of honour, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in "Pendennis" my tribulations begin, and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. *Vindex* writes to the *Freeman's Journal,* saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with murderers and cut-throats—whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. The *Freeman's Journal,* in language intelligible always, if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am "the Big Blubber-man," "the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public," "that I am guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault," and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but did not succeed. The *Freeman* adds, in a concluding paragraph, that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of the *Freeman's* accomplished countrywoman, and that if I have "this very simple and complete defence to make, I shall hasten to offer it." I don't take in the *Freeman's Journal*—I am not likely to be very anxious about reading it; but the *Freeman* never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend; and, calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

The *Mail,* assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the incriminated sentence thus, "its brutality is so far neutralised by its absurdity as to render it utterly harmless." No. 2. No. 3. The *Packet,* speaking on the judgment of both its contemporaries, says admirably:—

"*This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we would have expected from our brethren of the Irish press, and will be no doubt a source of much gratification to Miss Hayes.* But . . . we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the 'incredibly gross act' of associating our pure and amiable Catherine with the murderers and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically"—and then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catherine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes, lest some Saxon should kick me.

Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man—could any man out of Ireland—invent such an argument as the last? It stands thus—

1. I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured Miss Hayes.

2. The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and no doubt have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady. She is to be gratified by seeing a man belaboured, who never thought of her or meant her a wrong.

3. But if I *had* injured Miss Hayes many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency—that is, capers, not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me—and if capers *had* been achovies, I should richly have merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge except in Ireland, believing that it must be

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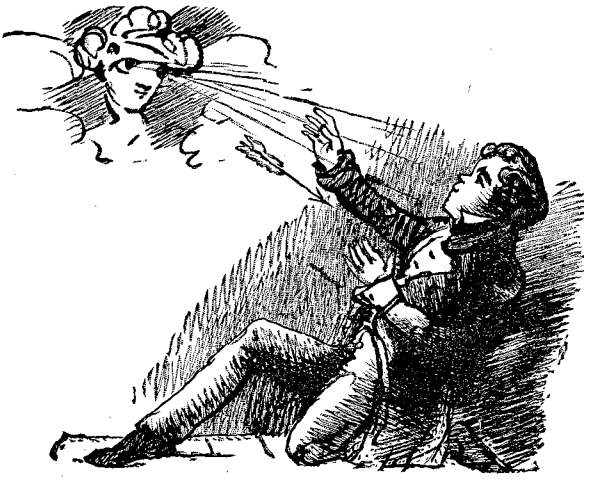

THACKERAY THE SUSCEPTIBLE

painful to the young lady whose name has been most innocently and unfortunately brought forward; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and that there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honour then to Miss Hayes that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so; and I need not tell any gentleman—what gentleman would question me?—that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am, sir, your very faithful servant,

WM. THACKERAY.

Garrick Club, April 11, 1850.

A Thackerayan Irishman who was not received with positive enthusiasm in Dublin was the Mulligan of *Mrs. Perkins's Ball.* An allusion to the Mulligan appears in the following letter.

13 Young Street, Kensington,
Monday Night,
Jan. 13, 1847.

My dear Aytoun,

The copy of Mrs. Perkins which was sent by the Mulligan to the other chieftain has met with a mishap. It travelled to Edinburgh in the portmanteau of a friend of mine, who arrived at ten o'clock at night and started for Inverness the next morning at six. Mrs. P. went with him. He forgot her at Inverness and came back to London, whither Mrs. Perkins was sent after him at a cost of 4s. 10d. for carriage. She is not worth that money either for you or me to pay, and waits in my room till you come to town in spring.

I have been thinking of the other matter on which I unbusmd myself to you, and withdraw my former letter. Puffs are good, and the testimony of good men; but I don't think these will make a success for a man, and he ought to stand as the public chooses to put him. I will try, please God, to do my best, and the money will come perhaps some day! Meanwhile a man so lucky as myself has no reason to complain. So let all puffing alone, though, as you know, I am glad if I can have and deserve your private good opinion. The women like 'Vanity Fair' I find, very much, and the publishers are quite in good spirits regarding that venture.

This is all I have to say—in the solitude of midnight—with a quiet cigar and the weakest gin-and-water in the world, ruminating over a child's ball, from which I have just come, having gone as chaperon to my little girls. One of them had her hair plaited in two tails, the other had ringlets (here follows a sketch of the children), and the most fascinating bows of blue ribbon. It was very merry and likewise sentimental. We went in a fly quite genteel, and,

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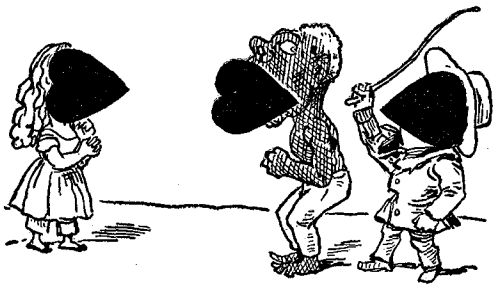

LITTLE EVA, UNCLE TOM, AND SIMON LEGREE. DRAWN BY THACKERAY ON A PLAYING CARD

law! what a comfort it was when it was over!

Adyou.—Yours sincerely,

W. M. THACKERAY.

(Memoir of William Edmonstoune Aytoun, by (Sir) Theodore Martin, 1867.)

To the same correspondent, Aytoun, Thackeray had written ten days or two weeks before on the subject of *Vanity Fair*.

13 Young Street Kensington,

Jan. 2, 1847.

My dear Aytoun,—I hope The Maclosky received the Mulligan present. I ought to have written before, answering your kind, hearty letter, but business, you know, and weariness of quill-driving after business hours, &c. I don't write to anybody, that's the fact, unless I want something of them, and perhaps that's the case at this present.

I think I have never had any ambition hitherto, or cared what the world thought of my work, good or bad; but now the truth forces itself upon me, if the world will once take to admiring Titmarsh, all his guineas will be multiplied by ten. Guineas are good. I have got children, only ten years more to the fore, say, &c.; now is the time, my lad, to make your A when the sun at length has begun to shine.

Well, I think I can make a push at the present minute—if my friends will shout, Titmarsh for ever!—hurrah for, &c., &c., I may go up with a run to a pretty fair place in my trade, and be allowed to appear before the public as among the first fiddles. But my tunes must be heard in the streets, and organs must grind them. Ha! Now do you read me?

Why don't Blackwood give me an article? Because he refused the best story I ever wrote?* Colburn refused the present Novel Without a Hero, and if any man at Blackwood's or Colburn's, and if any man since—fiddle-de-dee. Upon my word and honour, I never said so much about myself before: but I know this, if I had the command of 'Blackwood,' and a humoristical person like Titmarsh should come up and labour hard and honestly (please God) for ten years, I would give him a hand. Now try, like a man, revolving these things in your soul, and see if you can't help me. . . . And if I can but save a little money, by the Lord! I'll try and keep it.

Some day when less selfish I will write to you about other matters than the present ego. The dining season has begun in London already, I am sorry to say, and the Christmas feeding is frightfully severe. . . . I have my children with me, and am mighty happy in that paternal character—preside over legs of mutton comfortably—go to church at early morning and like it—pay rates and taxes, &c., &c. Between this line and the above a man has brought me the 'Times' on "The Battle of Life" to read. Appy Dickens! But I love Pickwick and Crummles too well to abuse this great man. Aliquando bonus. And you, young man, coming up in the world full of fight, take counsel from a venerable and peaceful old gladiator who has stripped for many battles. Gad, sir, this caution is a very good sign. Do you remember how com-

*"The Great Hoggarty Diamond."

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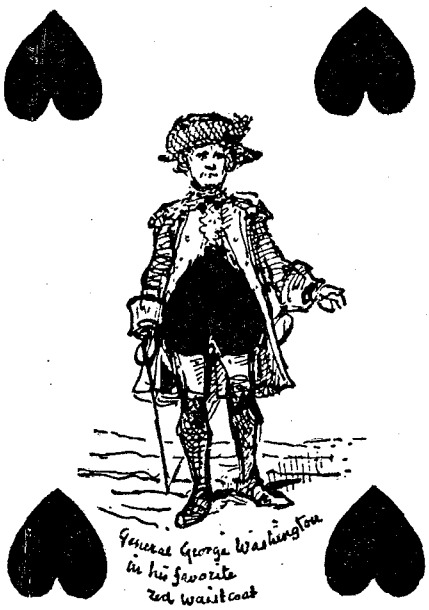
plimentary Scott and Goethe were? I like the patriarchal air of some people. Have you ever any snow in Scotland?

(Here follows an admirable drawing of a dustman singing beside his cart, with snow deep in the street.)

As I was walking in just now I met this fellow singing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" driving a dust cart. I burst out laughing, and so did he. He is as good as Leech's boy in the last 'Punch.' How good Leech is, and what a genuine humour! And Hans Christian Anderson, have you read him? I am wild about him, having only just discovered that delightful, delicate, fanciful creature. Good-bye, my dear Aytoun. I wish you a Merry Christmas, and to honest Johnny Blackwood. Thank him for the Magazine. I shall enjoy it in bed to-morrow morning, when I've left orders *not* to be called for church.

Yours ever,
W. M. T.

In 1911 there had been a discussion in the London *Times,* in which Lord Rosebery had participated, about the character and shortcomings of Amelia



THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. DRAWN BY THACKERAY ON A PLAYING CARD

THE DOWNTRODDEN DARKEY OF THE OLD SOUTH AS THACKERAY SAW HIM

of *Vanity Fair.* A certain J. Parker Smith sent to the newspaper a letter in his possession, which he believed had never been published, in which Thackeray states his theory of *Vanity Fair* in particular and of novels in general. The date of the year was not given, but Mr. Smith comments that it is easily supplied. The review referred to is in the number of *Fraser* for September, 1848. His correspondent was obviously his friend Robert Bell, the writer and journalist.

Sunday Septr. 3rd
[1848]

My dear Bell,

Although I have made a rule to myself never to thank critics yet I like to break it continually, and especially in the present instance for what I hope is the excellent article in Fraser. It seems to me very just in most points as regards the author: some he questions as usual—If I had put in more fresh air as you call it my object would have been defeated—It is to indicate, in cheerful terms, that we are for the most part an abominably foolish and selfish people "desperately wicked" and all eager after vanities. Everybody is you see in that book,—for instance if I had made Amelia a higher order of woman there would have been no vanity in Dobbins falling in love with her, whereas the impression at present is that he is a fool for his pains that he has

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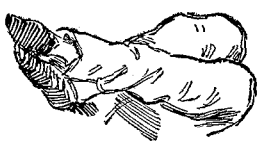

DOBBIN'S LEGS

married a silly little thing and in fact has found out his error rather a sweet and tender one however, *qui multum amavit* I want to leave everybody dissatisfied and unhappy at the end of the story—we ought all to be with our own and all other stories. Good God don't I see (in that may-be cracked and warped looking glass in which I am always looking), my own weaknesses wickednesses lusts follies shortcomings? In company let us hope with better qualities about which we will pretermit discourse. We must lift up our voices about these and howl to a congregation of fools: so much at least has been my endeavour. You have all of you taken my misanthropy to task—I wish I could myself: but take the world by a certain standard † (you know what I mean) and who dares talk of having any virtue at all? For instance Forster says After a scene with Blifil, the air is cleared by a laugh of Tom Jones—Why Tom Jones in my holding is as big a rogue as Blifil. Before God he is—I mean the man is selfish according to his nature as Blifil according to his. In fact I've a strong impression that we are most of us not fit for——never mind.

Pathos I hold should be very occasional indeed in humourous works and indicated rather than expressed or expressed very rarely. In the passage where Amelia is represented as trying to separate herself from the boy—She goes upstairs and leaves him with his aunt 'as that poor Lady Jane Grey tried the axe that was to separate her slender life' I say that is a fine image whoever wrote it (& I came on it quite by surprize in a review the other day) that is greatly pathetic I think: it leaves you to make your own sad pictures—We shouldn't do much more than that I think in comic books—In a story written in the pathetic key it would be different & then the comedy perhaps should be occasional—Some day —but a truce to egotistical twaddle. It seems to me such a time ago that V F was written that one may talk of it as of somebody else's performance. My dear Bell I am very thankful for your friendliness & pleased to have your good opinion.

Faithfully yours

W. M. THACKERAY.

One of the pleasantest of Thackeray's memories was the little town of Weimar, where, in his youth, he sat at the feet of Goethe. It was to Weimar that he took William Dobbin and Amelia in the last chapters of *Vanity Fair*. "Though they knew it not," he wrote, "those were probably the happiest days of their lives." Weimar was the Pumpernickel of "Fitzboodle's Confessions." Here is a letter about the place written to Lewes in 1855:

London, 28 April, 1855

Dear Lewes,—I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindliest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing: the kind old Hof Marschall of those days, M. de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights, we used to charter sedan chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of

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the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed *Gastrolle** through the winter. In that winter, I remember, we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, Hamlet, Falstaff, and the *Robbers;* and the beautiful Schröder in *Fidelio.*

After three-and-twenty years absence, I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,† which still belongs to the family, and had been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course, I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingot, with a white neck-cloth and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark,* piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melmoth the Wanderer,* which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan;* once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Frazer's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. 'They would make me look like that,' he said; though in truth I

*What in England are called "starring engagements."

†The *Gartenhaus.*

*This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

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can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy* looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was sitting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordainary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city, where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

(*Life of Goethe*, by George Henry Lewes, 2nd edn 1864.)

Thackeray's tenure of office as Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* was exceedingly brief. But while he was in the chair he invited contributions to it from the best men and women on both sides of the Atlantic. Here is a suggestion to Longfellow:

36 Onslow Square, London,
November 16, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. LONGFELLOW,—Has Hiawatha ever a spare shaft in his quiver which he can shoot across the Atlantic? How proud I should be if I could have a contribution or two from you for our *Cornhill Magazine*.

I should like still better to be driving to Cambridge in the snow and expecting a supper there. Two or three months ago I actually thought such a scheme was about to come off. I intended to shut up my desk for a year—not write a line—and go on my travels. But the gods willed otherwise. I am pressed into the service of this Magazine, and engaged to write ever so much more for the next three years. Then, if I last so long, I shall be free of books and publishers, and hope to see friends to whose acquaintance I look back with—I can't tell you how much gratitude and kind feeling.

I send my best regards to Tom Appleton, and beg him to back my petition to his brother-in-law.

Always sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

COSTUMES OF "VANITY FAIR"

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READER'S GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Philosophy

The Breath of Life. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.15 net.
The author's interpretation of the relation of science to life.

German Philosophy and Politics. By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25 net.
From Kant to Hegel, with emphasis upon the rise of German nationality.

A History of Philosophy. By Clement C. J. Webb. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents net.
In the *Home University Library*. A brief resumé of the important schools from Plato to Kant and his immediate successors.

Selections from Scottish Philosophy of Common Sense. By G. A. Johnston. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.25.
A school of philosophy that developed largely as a protest against Hume's scepticism.

The Unfolding Universe. By Edgar L. Hermance. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
A study of the recent advances in the sciences in their bearing upon the fundamental problems of philosophy.

Religion and Theology

The Church. By John Huss. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.
The first translation into English of Huss's defence of his views, from which were taken the charges that resulted in his sentence as a heretic.

The Divine Mystery. By Allen Upward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.
A study of the Christian elements in pre-Christian religions.

The Making of Christianity. By John C. C. Clarke. Alton: G. P. Clarke. $1.25.
"An exhibit of Hebrew and Christian Messianic Apocalyptical Philosophy and Literature."

The Meaning of Christian Unity. By William H. Cobb. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.25 net.
The relation of Christ's teachings to our duties in the home and the state.

Sociology and Economics

A B C of Socialism. (Including the A B C of Economics.) By I. G. Savoy and M. O. Teck. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Collected to equip propagandists with the scientific knowledge of the principles of socialism.

Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands. Compiled by Clara Endicott Sears. With Transcendental Wild Oats, by Louisa May Alcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of articles giving a complete account of the community at Fruitlands.

The Economics of War and Conquest. By J. H. Jones. London: P. S. King and Son, Ltd.
An examination of Mr. Norman Angell's doctrine of the fallacy of conquest.

How It Feels to be The Husband of a Suffragette. By Him. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.
The man's side of suffrage by a sympathiser.

The Japanese Problem in the United States. By H. A. Millis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A sociological study of the Japanese in the United States, written at the instigation of the Commission on Relations with Japan, appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

The Next Generation. By Frederick A. Rhodes. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.
A discussion of man's nature and environment by a student of commercialised vice.

Street-Land: Its Little People and Big Problems. By Philip Davis, assisted by Grace Kroll. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The problem of the city streets as playgrounds.

Political Economy

Bankrupting a Great City. (The Story of New York.) By Henry H. Klein. New York: Published by the Author. Illustrated. 75 cents.
A sensational criticism of the financial management of New York City.

Political Thought in England. By Ernest Barker. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents net.

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The English theory of the subject in its relation to the individual, from Herbert Spencer to the present day. In the *Home University Library.*

Military and Naval

The German Fleet. By Archibald Hurd. New York: George H. Doran Company. 25 cents net.
The make-up of the German fleet in ships and men, together with Germany's naval policy.

The European War

The Diplomacy of the War of 1914: The Beginnings of the War. By Ellery C. Stowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00 net.
An analysis and comparison of the state papers issued at the outbreak of the war.

A German-American's Confession of Faith By Kuno Francke. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
The author discusses the moral and spiritual forces of contemporary Germany, the question of American neutrality, the duties of German-Americans, and the mission of America for the peace of Europe.

The Great War. By Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
The Second Phase, from the fall of Antwerp to the second battle of Ypres.

Kultur Cartoons. By Will Dyson. With a foreword by H. G. Wells. Boston: The Page Company. $1.00 net.
Highly imaginative cartoons satirising the German's place and policies.

The Note-Book of an Attaché. Seven Months in the War Zone. By Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.60 net.
The author carried despatches among the American Embassies for practically all of the European countries during the European War. The book is a record of his experiences.

The Red Laugh. By Leonidas Andreief. Translated from the Russian by Alexandra Linden. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.00 net.
An impression of war in its horror and anachronisms.

The World in the Crucible. By Sir Gilbert Parker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.60 net.
"An account of the origins and conduct of the Great War" by one of the greatest of England's apologists.

Education

Instruction in the Use of Books and Libraries. By Lucy E. Fay and Anne T. Eaton. Boston: The Boston Book Company. $2.25 net.
A textbook for normal schools and colleges.

Wage Worth of School Training. By Anna Charlotte Hedges. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University. $2.00 net.
An analytical study of six hundred women-workers in textile factories. In the Columbia University contributions to education.

The Young and Field Literary Readers. Book Five. By Ella Flagg Young and Walter Taylor Field. Boston: Ginn and Company. Illustrated. 60 cents net.
Selections from the work of the world's great writers, adapted for children.

Philology

The Evolution of Literature. By A. S. Mackenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Mostly devoted to earlier forms with emphasis upon literature and its relation to the periods of social development.

Science

Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast. Edited under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.
A guide-book for scientific travellers in the West.

Applied Science

The Model T Ford Car. By Victor W. Pagé. New York: The Normal W. Henley Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A practical treatise on the construction, operation and repairs on Ford cars.

Domestic Economy

The Housekeeper's Handbook of Cleaning. By Sarah J. MacLeod. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00 net.
Practical directions for the application of scientific methods to house-cleaning.

Medicine, Hygiene

Microbes and Men: A Surgeon's Philosophy: Doctors Versus Folks. By Robert T. Morris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00 net each.
Three volumes in *To-Morrow's Topics Series.* On the relations of the physician and the public.

Sanitation in Panama. By William Crawford Gorgas. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

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A discussion of tropical diseases and the manner in which they were stamped out in Panama.

The Untroubled Mind. By Herbert J. Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
The importance of a well-balanced mind in health and happiness.

Fine Arts

The Art of the Exposition. By Eugen Neuhaus. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.
Personal impressions of the artistic aspects of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Sports, Games, Amusements

Care and Training of Trotters and Pacers. Prepared by Arthur C. Thomas and William H. Shields from information furnished by leading trainers and drivers of the day. Chicago: Chicago Horseman Newspaper Company. Illustrated. $1.00.
Volume I of *The Horseman Library*. A practical handbook.

How to Play Tennis. By James Burns. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Illustrated. 70 cents.
A beginner's manual.

On the Trail. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A practical hand-book for girls on outdoor life.

Tennis As I Play It. By Maurice E. McLoughlin. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A comprehensive guide to tennis playing.

General Literature, Essays

America and Her Problems. By Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.
A French statesman's conception of this country, and its social and political problems.

College and the Future. Edited by Richard Rice, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Essays for the undergraduate on problems of character and intellect.

Representative Phi Beta Kappa Orations. Edited for the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, by Clark S. Northrup, William C. Lane and John C. Schwab. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00 net.
A selection of orations given by prominent members of the society at the annual excercises of the different chapters.

Whither? Anon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.
Modern progress, right or wrong, from a spiritual point of view?

Poetry, Drama

A Bit o' Love. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.
A problem play of modern life.

A Man's World. By Rachel Crothers. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A problem play centering about the single standard propaganda.

Are Women People? A Book of Rhymes for Suffrage Times. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. 60 cents net.
Whimsical and humourous verses anent the suffrage question.

In the Pastures of the Green and Other Poems. By Henry M. Hopewell. Chicago: Howard D. Berrett. $1.25 net.
Homely recollections of farm life, boyhood days, etc.

The Judge. By Louis James Block. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A criticism of the harshness of legal methods.

The Light Feet of Goats. By Shaemas O Sheel. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00.
A collection of poems that have appeared in contemporary reviews and dailies.

The Lonely Way: Intermezzo: Countess Mizzie. Three Plays by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated from the German with an Introduction by Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
In *The Modern Drama Series*. Illustrations of Austria's best drama.

The New World. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 60 cents net.
The author reviews the significant experiences of life and interprets them according to his vision.

Our Gleaning Days. By Daniel Sargent. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
Lyrics of nature and life.

Paradise Found, or The Superman Found Out. By Allen Upward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.
An extravaganza of criticism of the cult of Bernard Shaw.

The Power of Purim and Other Plays. By Irma Kraft. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
A series of one act plays designed for Jewish religious schools.

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Processionals. By John Curtis Underwood. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.
Poems inspired by modern problems.

Sonnets to Sidney Lanier. By Clifford Anderson Lanier. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 75 cents net.
Sonnets and lyrics by the brother of the poet.

The Sorrows of Belgium. A Play in Six Scenes. By Leonid Andreyev. Authorised Translation by Herman Bernstein. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
The sufferings of Belgium vividly portrayed. It is said that Maeterlinck and King Albert are intended to be characters in the play.

The State Forbids. A Play in One Act. By Sada Cowan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 60 cents net.
A satire on some outworn laws and discredited ethics.

Submerged. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Russian by Edwin Hopkins. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
A drama of the underworld, originally published as *A Night's Lodging*.

The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.
Verses inspired by the war.

Youth's Pilgrimage. By Roy Helton. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
A romantic idyll of youth.

Fiction

Accidentals. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25 net.
Incidents of a sojourn in France and England.

Aunt Sarah and The War. A Tale of Transformations. Anonymous. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
A story of the new spirit in England engendered by the war.

Come Out to Play. By M. E. F. Irwin. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
Bohemian life in a great city.

Edgar Chirrup. By Peggy Webling. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
An intimate history of a modern Englishman of the middle class.

Five Fridays. By Frank R. Adams. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A humourous story of some vapid young people.

Hepsey Burke. By F. N. Westcott. New York: The H. K. Fly Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Written by the brother of the author of *David Harum*. The story has the same background as the former book.

The Highgrader. By William M. Raine. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of love and adventure, with scenes laid in Colorado.

The Indiscreet Letter. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company. 50 cents net.
An anecdote of characteristic American life.

It Happened in Atlantic City. By Thomas B. Senger. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A mystery story of the board-walk.

A Man's Code. By W. B. M. Ferguson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of baseball, love and business.

On Desert Altars. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's. $1.35 net.
Egypt and Africa form the setting for a problem love-story with much of realism in it.

Open Market. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.35 net.
The matrimonial problem among the "four hundred." The heroine, left without means, plays the game to win affluence and maintain her social position.

Pieces of the Game. By Countess de Chambrun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
Mystery and intrigue in government circles.

The Splendid Chance. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.30 net.
A romance of Americans in the European War.

Sundown Slim. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The story of a feud between cow-punchers and sheep-herders in the great Southwest.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A comedy of Joseph Lincoln's Cape Cod country.

A Vision of Empire. By E. Anson More. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.35 net.
A tale of adventure in France and in Canada in the days of Louis XIV.

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The Watch-Dog. By Arthur Hornblow. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of finance and love in a metropolitan bank.

Juvenile

A-B-C of Electricity. By William H. Meadowcroft. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A simplified text-book for young people of fourteen and upwards.

Alice and the Stork. A Fairy Tale for Workingmen's Children. By Henry T. Schmittkind. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Fairy tales for children in which princes, dragons and giant-killers have been abolished in favour of stories illustrating justice, purity, hope, etc.

Billy Whiskers on the Mississippi. By Frances Trego Montgomery. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company.
A story of early life on the Mississippi, for very little children.

Heart of Gold. By Ruth Alberta Brown. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. $1.25 net.
The third of the *Peace Greenfield* series for girls.

History

Belgium. By R. C. K. Ensor. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents net.
The country, its politics and its art. In the *Home University Library.*

Biblical Discoveries in Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia. By J. Politeyan. London: Elliot Stock.
The results of excavations and researches upon Old Testament history.

History of the Eighty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. 1861-1865. By Luther S. Dickey. New York: L. S. Dickey.
An authentic narrative of Casey's Division at the Battle of Seven Pines.

Seal and Flag of the City of New York. 1665-1915. Edited by John B. Pine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Municipal Government of the City of New York.

The Stars and Stripes. By Charles W. Stewart. Boston: Boylston Publishing Company. Illustrated.
A history of the United States flag.

Biography, Genealogy

Joseph Chamberlain: An Honest Biography. By Alexander Mackintosh. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00 net.
The author is the London correspondent of the Aberdeen *Free Press.* An effort at a complete biography rather than an appreciation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Oscar W. Firkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.
A biography and an appreciation.

The Evolution of a Teacher. By Ella Gilbert Ives. *Boston: The Pilgrim Press.* $1.00 net.
An autobiography with background of New England before the war, Mount Holyoke in the 'sixties, and Chicago at the time of the great fire.

Milton. By John Bailey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents net.
A discussion of his life and works. In the *Home University Library.*

Nelson's Legacy. By Frank Danby. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
A complete account of the life of Emma, Lady Hamilton, compiled from contemporary documents.

Tahan: Out of Savagery Into Civilisation. An Autobiography, by Joseph K. Griffis. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
The autobiography of a popular Indian lecturer, describing his climb from savagery to civilisation.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Letters from Prison. By Bouck White. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Letters describing the author's religious convictions and his opinions upon his recent imprisonment.

Making Floors. By Abbot McClure. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
Floors as elements of interior decoration, their adaptations and their care.

Russia's Gift to the World. By J. W. Mackail. New York: George H. Doran Company. 25 cents net.
An exposition of Russia's services to civilisation under such headings as "Literature," "Music," "The Sciences," etc.

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. By Armgaard Karl Graves. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Purports to reveal further secrets of the German spy system, giving the inner history of the association of King Alexander and Queen Braga, and of the Kaiser's visit incognito to M. Caillaux in Paris.

That Something. By W. W. Woodbridge. Tacoma: The Smith-Digby Company.
Describing a great psychic experience.

Theatres. By William Paul Gerhard. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. $1.00 net.
Their safety from fire and panic, their comfort and healthfulness.

Women the World Over. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00 net.
Feminism in its broadest sense in all parts of the world.

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THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York, N. Y.	The Honey Bee	The Turmoil
Albany, N. Y.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Atlanta, Ga.	The Keeper of the Door	The Rose Garden Husband
Baltimore, Md.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Boston, Mass.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Boston, Mass.	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Chicago, Ill.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Chicago, Ill.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Cincinnati, Ohio	A Far Country	Jaffery
Cleveland, Ohio	A Far Country	Jaffery
Dallas, Tex.	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
Denver, Colo.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Des Moines, Iowa	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Detroit, Mich.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Houston, Tex.	The Turmoil	A Far Country
Indianapolis, Ind.	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Rose Garden Husband	A Far Country
Kansas City, Mo.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Los Angeles, Cal.	Jaffery	A Far Country
Memphis, Tenn.	The Turmoil	The Honey Bee
Milwaukee, Wis.	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Minneapolis, Minn.	A Far Country	Jaffery
New Haven, Conn.	A Far Country	Jaffery
New Orleans, La.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Omaha, Neb.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Philadelphia, Pa.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Philadelphia, Pa.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Pittsburgh, Pa.	A Far Country	The Harbour
Portland, Me.	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Portland, Ore.	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
Providence, R. I.	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Richmond, Va.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Rochester, N. Y.	A Far Country	Still Jim
San Antonio, Tex.	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
San Francisco, Cal.	A Far Country	Jaffery
San Francisco, Cal.	A Far Country	The Harbour
Seattle, Wash.	A Far Country	The Rim of the Desert
Spokane, Wash.	A Far Country	The Turmoil
St. Louis, Mo.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
St. Louis, Mo.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
St. Paul, Minn.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Tacoma, Wash.	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil
Toledo, Ohio	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Toronto, Can.	A Far Country	Jaffery
Utica, N. Y.	A Far Country	Hepsey Burke
Waco, Tex.	A Far Country	Empty Pockets
Washington, D. C.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Washington, D. C.	Still Jim	The Honey Bee
Worcester, Mass.	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Empty Pockets	A Far Country	Jaffery	Jim
Thankful's Inheritance	The Honey Bee	Sundown Slim	Pollyanna Grows Up
A Far Country	Still Jim	Contrary Mary	Angela's Business
The Turmoil	The Harbour	One Man	Bealby
The Harbour	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap
Jaffery	The Turmoil	Angela's Business	The Harbour
The Keeper at the Door	The Double Traitor	Loneliness?	Pollyanna Grows Up
Jaffery	The Double Traitor	The Turmoil	Empty Pockets
The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Yellow Claw	The Harbour
Empty Pockets	Hepsey Burke	Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim
The Turmoil	Empty Pockets	Contrary Mary	Thankful's Inheritance
Open Market	Still Jim	Jaffery	Sundown Slim
Rose Garden Husband	Sundown Slim	The Turmoil	The Honey Bee
The Turmoil	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business
Ruggles of Red Gap	Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim	A Girl of the Blue Ridge
Jaffery	Daybreak	The Honey Bee	Open Market
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Turmoil
The Turmoil	Bealby	Brunel's Tower	Ruggles of Red Gap
The Good Shepherd	Sundown Slim	The Wooden Horse	Ruggles of Red Gap
Ruggles of Red Gap	Still Jim	The Valley of Fear	Flying U's Last Stand
Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	Jaffery	Hepsey Burke
Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Thankful's Inheritance	Empty Pockets	Open Market	Taming of Zenas Henry
The Turmoil	Empty Pockets	Angela's Business	Ruggles of Red Gap
Sundown Slim	The Honey Bee	Hepsey Burke	Still Jim
Open Market	Contrary Mary	The Harbour	Hepsey Burke
Still Jim	Contrary Mary	Jaffery	Miranda
Jaffery	The Turmoil	Still Jim	The Yellow Claw
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil	The Double Traitor	Jaffery
The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business	Rose Garden Husband
Mary Moreland	Contrary Mary	The Double Traitor	Taming of Zenas Henry
Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary	Angela's Business	The Life Builders
The Turmoil	The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Double Traitor
Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country	Empty Pockets	Ruggles of Red Gap
The Harbour	Ruggles of Red Gap	Mary Moreland	Empty Pockets
Jaffery	Through Stained Glass	Victory	Ruggles of Red Gap
Jaffery	The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Harbour	The Lone Star Ranger
The House of the Misty Star	The Turmoil	The Harbour	Jaffery
Jaffery	Empty Pockets	The Keeper of the Door	Still Jim
Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	Code of the Mountains
A Far Country	The Double Traitor	Ruggles of Red Gap	Jaffery
Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Harbour
The Turmoil	The Double Traitor	His Official Fiancee	Pollyanna
The Turmoil	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Double Traitor
Still Jim	The Turmoil	Innocent	The Auction Block
The Keeper of the Door	The Harbour	Angela's Business	The Turmoil
A Far Country	Angela's Business	Jaffery	The Harbour
Thankful's Inheritance	Contrary Mary	Jaffery	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending June 2d:

1. With the Allies. Davis.
2. My Life Out of Prison. Lowrie.
3. Defendant. Chesterton.
4. South of Panama. Ross.
5. Men Around the Kaiser. Wile.

For the week ending June 9th:

1. Pan-Americanism. Usher.
2. Hugh. Benson.
3. With the Allies. Davis.
4. Bramble Bees and Others. Fabre.
5. My Life Out of Prison. Lowrie.
6. South of Panama. Ross.

For the week ending June 16th:

1. Germany's Fighting Machine. Henderson.
2. Roughing it *De Luxe*. Cobb.
3. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
4. How France is Governed. Poincare.
5. With the Allies. Davis.
6. Pan-Americanism. Usher.

For the week ending June 23d:

1. Memories of Forty Years. Radziwill.
2. Bramble Bees and Others. Fabre.
3. Hugh. Benson.
4. My Adventures as a Spy. Powell.
5. Slav Nations. Tucic.
6. Germany's Fighting Machine. Henderson.

For the week ending June 30th:

1. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
2. Hugh. Benson.
3. The Great War. Simonds.
4. From Dublin to Chicago. Hannay.
5. Russia and the World. Graham.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
War Brides. Craig-Wentworth.
Hugh. Benson.
The European War of 1914. Burgess.
The Spell of the Yukon. Service.
Pep. Hunter.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
Old Age. Bennett.
Four Weeks in the Trenches. Kreisler.
Fighting in Flanders. Powell.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 686 and 687) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list receives	10
" " "	2d	" " " "	8
" " "	3d	" " " "	7
" " "	4th	" " " "	6
" " "	5th	" " " "	5
" " "	6th	" " " "	4

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	453
2. Jaffery. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	233
3. The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	211
4. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	198
5. Ruggles of Red Gap. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	88
6. The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.40	85

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